

JAPAN NEEDSTM HEROES

A comic book style illustration featuring two characters. On the left, a man with dark hair and glasses, wearing a white t-shirt with a red circular emblem, looks upwards with a determined expression. On the right, a woman with long blonde hair and blue eyes, wearing a white t-shirt with a red circular emblem and a green jacket, looks upwards with a similar expression. The background is a dramatic, fiery orange and yellow sky.

A BENEFIT PROJECT TO AID RECONSTRUCTION
EFFORTS IN JAPAN AFTER THE 2011 TSUNAMI

Foreword by
STAN LEE

JAPAN NEEDS HEROES! Japan suffered harrowing horrors from the Tohoku earthquake, the tsunami, and the level 7 nuclear reactor meltdowns left in its wake. Even today, its Fukushima plant leaks radiation, contaminating water atop what is already the costliest natural disaster in history.

In a true story of heroism, some of comicdom's greatest talents around the world have banded together to donate sensational stories and amazing artwork to a cause of rebuilding, with a portion of this book's proceeds going to charities supporting Japan's safety and reconstruction efforts.

Stan Lee (co-creator of the Marvel Universe); Ben Edlund (The Tick, Supernatural, Gotham); Mike Deodato Jr. (Thor, Hulk); Bong Dazo (Deadpool, Star Wars); Nigel Raynor (Avengers); Luke Ross (Captain America); David Reddick (Garfield, Intelligent Life); Tarol Hunt (Goblins) and over 100 other amazing writers and artists have donated 264 pages of artwork and stories designed to touch the heart, inspire, and entertain.

And while the media has largely forgotten about the devastation, the work is far from over. Japan still needs heroes... Japan needs you!



JAPAN NEEDSTM HEROES

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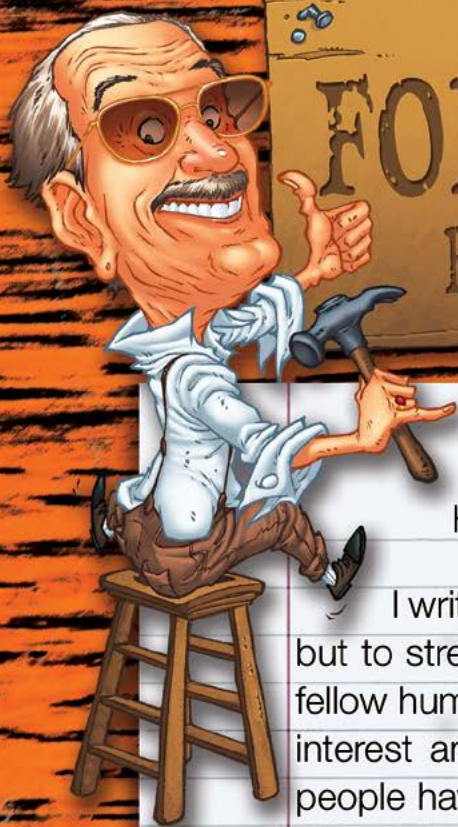
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FOREWORD

BY STAN LEE

Hi, Culture Lovers!

I write that simple salutation, not to be flippant but to stress the word "culture" as it relates to our fellow human beings. Few cultures inspire as much interest and awe as the Japanese, whose proud people have been devastated by recent events. A 9.0 earthquake is horrible enough. A tsunami, in addition, is beyond belief. Add a radiation disaster and it becomes almost unthinkable. Such an agony of disasters would be hard to imagine, even in a fantasy tale, but this is all too real, too indescribably devastating.

Hence the title of this book, JAPAN NEEDS HEROES. But it doesn't refer to the harassed heroes who swing from webs or soar through the skies in long underwear. No, we're talking about the real, everyday heroes we see when watching the news; the rescue workers risking their lives to save others amidst wreckage, or the firemen and plant workers exposing themselves to deadly radiation so that further meltdowns can be averted. Even people like you, who give what you can to help those in need. Heroes all!

As for me, I've lived with heroes most of my life -- though they were mainly fictional. When I started in comics, in 1939, as mankind seemed headed towards a second World War, we still tried to imbue our stories with a message of hope, a message that nothing was greater than the human spirit and our will to help our fellow man. We believed that then; we believe it now.

And so, this book. A book in which comicbook people from around the globe, from both web and printed page, join forces-- giving of their time and talent-- to raise money, awareness and hope for an amazing country that desperately needs help. We must all do our share. We can't just sit on the sidelines, not when JAPAN NEEDS HEROES!

Excelsior!

Stan Lee



◁Koga's Email▷



An ~~epitmist's~~
animator's
outlook on
tragedy.

to:Island Masta <IM@joeisjapanese.com>
from: Koga Speed <koga@joeisjapanese.com>
date:Fri, Mar 18, 2011 at 3:51 AM
subject: I'm OK!
mailed-by: joeisjapanese.com

IT WAS A SAD NIGHT AT THE OFFICE AS NEWS REPORTS STARTED COMING IN DURING A DAWN-BREAKING SESSION TO GET ANOTHER ~~REPORT~~ CARTOON MADE.

WE WERE ALL WORRIED ABOUT OUR MANY COLLEAGUES IN JAPAN-

AND ANXIOUSLY AWAITED ANY NEWS FROM ALL OF THEM.

- LOSS OF LIFE RESULTING FROM THE TSUNAMI IS PROJECTED TO BE IN THE THOUSANDS, AND JAPANESE OFFICIALS REPORT THAT-



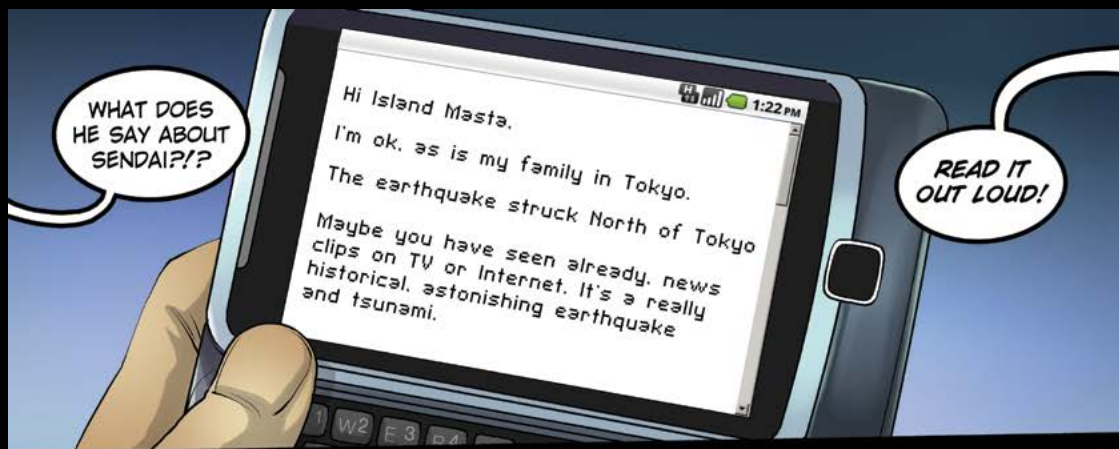
DAMN, THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD NEWS
...



YES! EMAIL FROM KOGA!

HE'S OKAY!!







I start to walk for my office,
but I fell quite a few times.
It was so hard to walk straight...

Almost like
drinking 3 or 4 bottles of
bourbon.



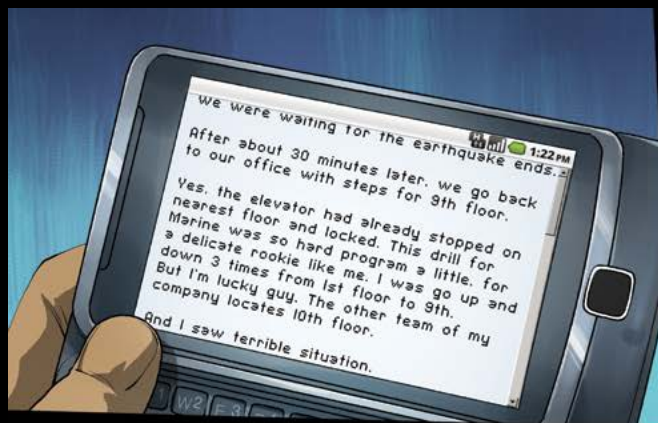
After a few minute,
I arrived at my office.



みんな、
大丈夫か？



All of my co-workers
are out of building to
refuge. we were waiting
for the earthquake ends.



WHAT THE HELL IS HE SAYING?

HEY, SHUT UP. HIS ENGLISH IS WAY BETTER THAN YOUR JAPANESE.

TRUE, TRUE.



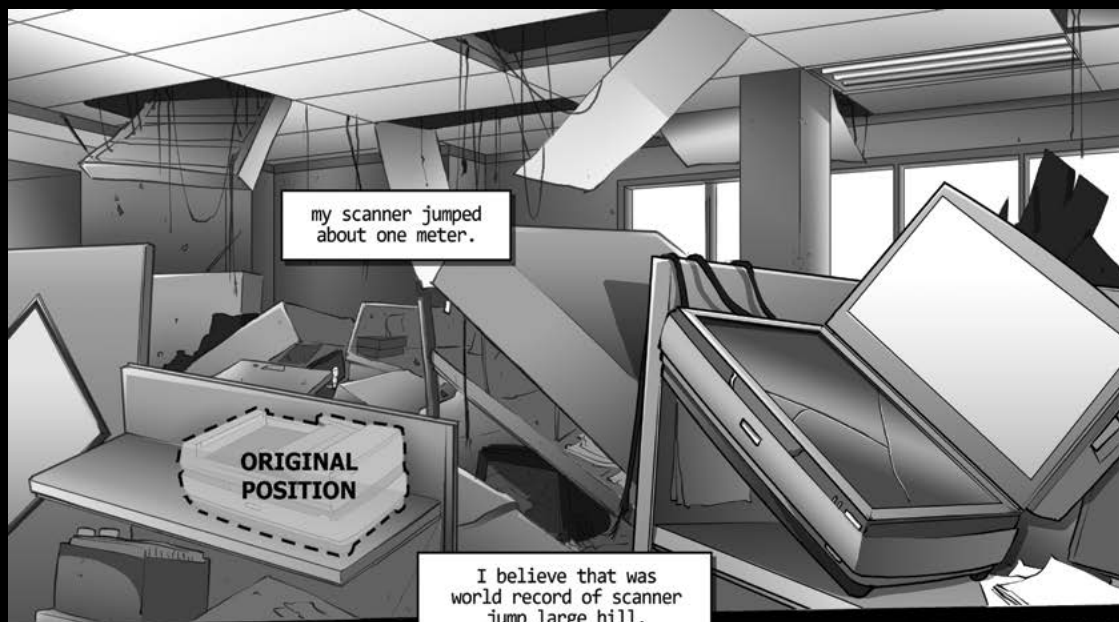
And I saw a terrible situation.

I think,

maybe...
Mike Tyson
fought with
Rickson Gracie
in my office.



My aisle was covered with the ceiling, books, and the once ordered animation frames were now scrambled!



Kesennuma was a city known as fisherman's base port in Touhoku.

But this little town was destroyed by tsunami.

When the night has come, all of Kesennuma city was devastated by fire.

The fire destroyed completely this city all through the night.

Well, we survive like Bear Grylls.

Of course, the crisis continues. Rescue efforts have started. Aftershocks are continuing.

But most big problem are nuke plants in Fukushima.

Residents within a radius of 30km are already evacuated.

Scary times for Japan.

This crisis is so big.
But we can unite, and be able
to overcome this disaster.



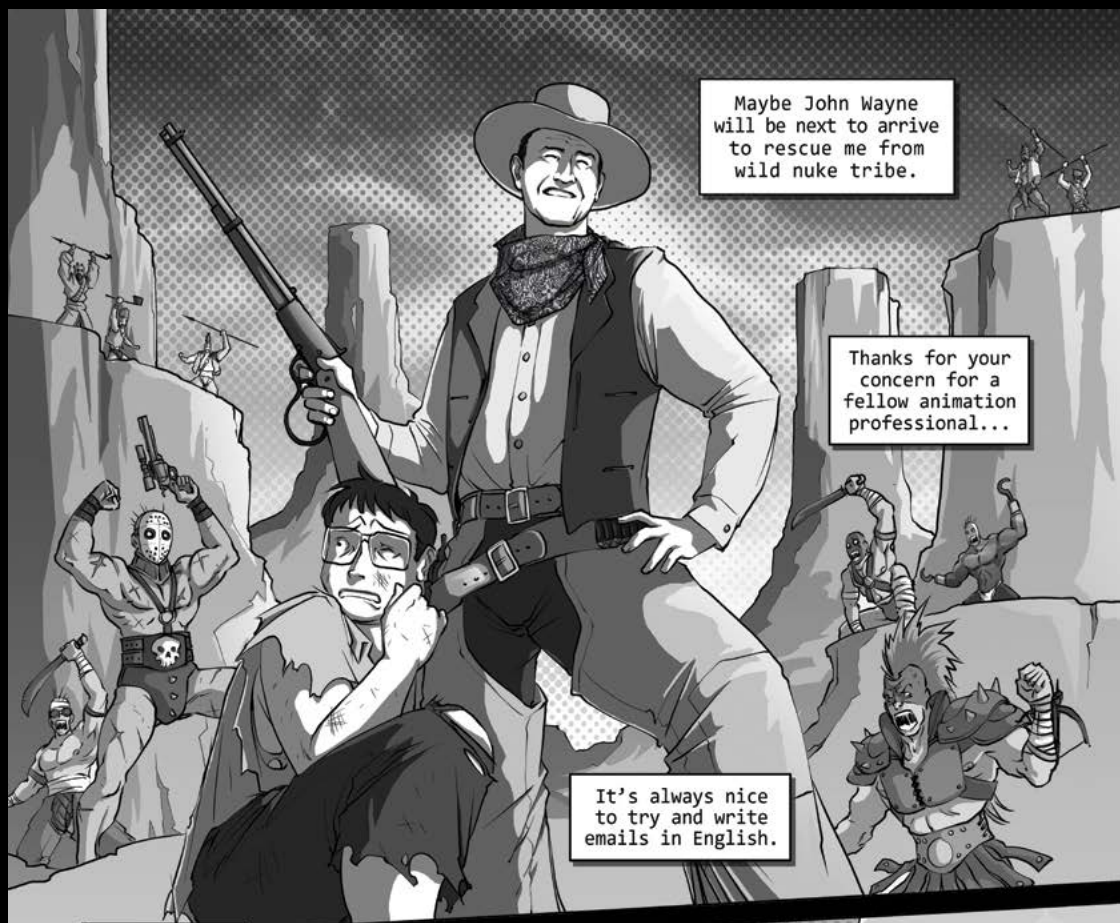
It's the one
thing this
country knows-

much like
yours...

Which like many countries
supports our problem,

Of course, USS cavalry
Ronald Reagan has
arrived near by Sendai.





Maybe John Wayne
will be next to arrive
to rescue me from
wild nuke tribe.

Thanks for your
concern for a
fellow animation
professional...

It's always nice
to try and write
emails in English.

Oh, and one
last thing,

If you meet Jesus
in your dreams,

please ask him
to stop hot
nuke plant. ; -D

oh my
ガッ!





DID HE
HIT HIS
HEAD?

NAH, THAT'S
JUST HOW
KOGA THINKS.

AWESOME!

INSPIRING!

WE SHOULD
SHARE THAT WITH
EVERYONE.



THANKS FOR READING
THIS ACTUAL EMAIL...

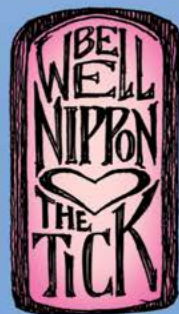
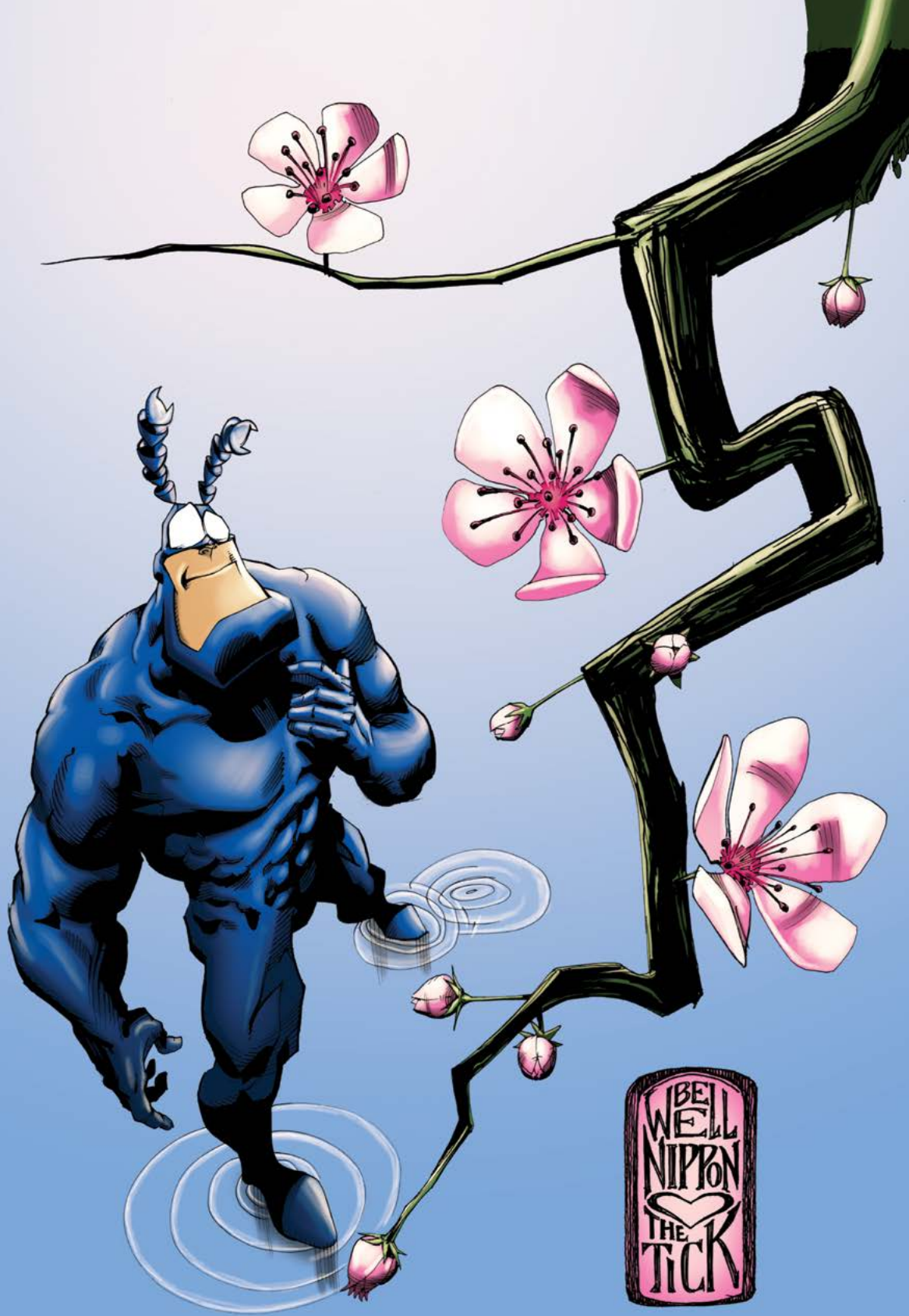
FROM A REAL ANIMATION
PROFESSIONAL IN TOKYO...

THAT WE JUST FELT
NEEDED TO BE ILLUSTRATED.

OUR HEARTS AND HOPES
ARE WITH EVERYONE
AFFECTED BY THIS
TRAGEDY.

WITH LOVE
FROM EVERYONE
WORKING ON:

Joe is
Japanese
.com



GREENWICH,
CONNECTICUT

SO YOU
THINK YOU CAN
FINALLY TAKE ME,
JASON?

I'VE BEEN
ABLE TO FOR SOME
TIME, BUT I DIDN'T
WANNA EMBARRASS
YOU, DAD.

OH
REALLY?

YEAH,
REALLY.

WHAT
CHANGED
YOUR
MIND?

I THINK
YOU'RE OLD
ENOUGH TO
HANDLE A
LOSS.

AND
HOW DO
YOU PLAN TO
BEAT ME?

BY
EXPLOITING A
WEAKNESS I'VE
NOTICED...

RIGHT
THERE!





CHEROKEE COUNTY,
OKLAHOMA



WELL
HELLO
THERE.



IT'S OKAY,
IAN. YOU'RE
SAFE NOW.



I
FOUND
HIM!



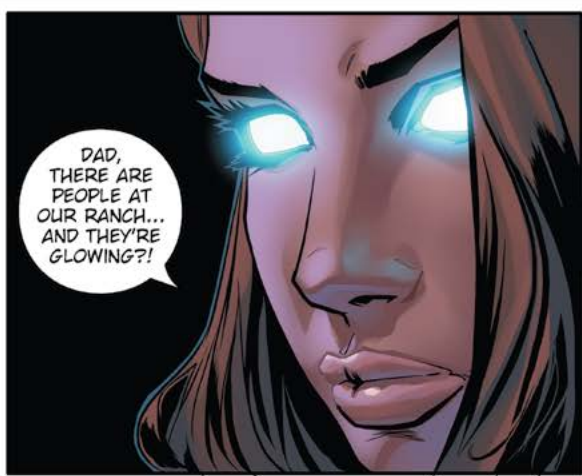
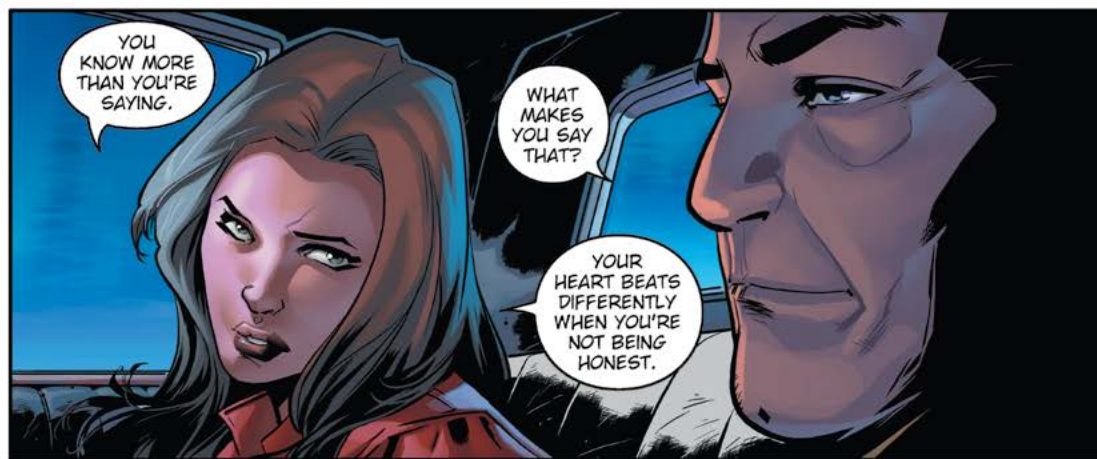
YOU
DID WELL
U-WE-TSI.



TAKE
ME HOME
EDODA.

WAYWARD BEGINNINGS

written & created by	pencilled & inked by	colored by	cover by
BENNY R POWELL	NIGEL RAYNOR	JAY DAVID RAMOS	STUDIO HIVE







BEFORE SHE LEFT, HER MOTHER WARNED ME THIS DAY MAY COME AND ASKED ME TO SHIELD HER FROM YOU PEOPLE.

SIR, I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHAT'S GOING ON...

BUT I ASSURE YOU WE'RE NOT HERE TO HURT YOU OR YOUR DAUGHTER.



MY MOTHER... LEFT? BUT YOU TOLD ME SHE DIED?!

SHE FAKED HER DEATH TO PROTECT US.



WILL SOMEONE EXPLAIN TO ME WHAT'S GOING ON?



THE TWO OF YOU SHARE A DESTINY AS WELL AS UNIQUE GIFTS THAT WILL BE NEEDED...



OH NO!

WHAT'S WRONG?



SOMETHING TERRIBLE IS COMING!











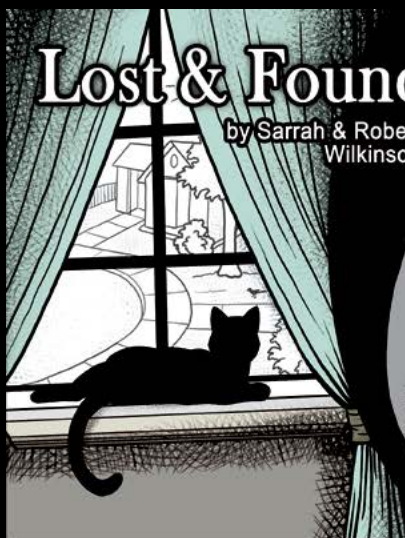






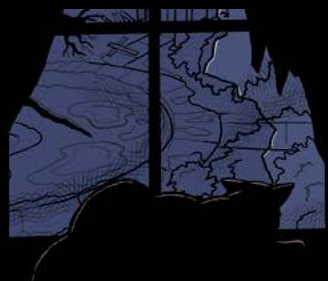
Lost & Found

by Sarah & Robert
Wilkinson

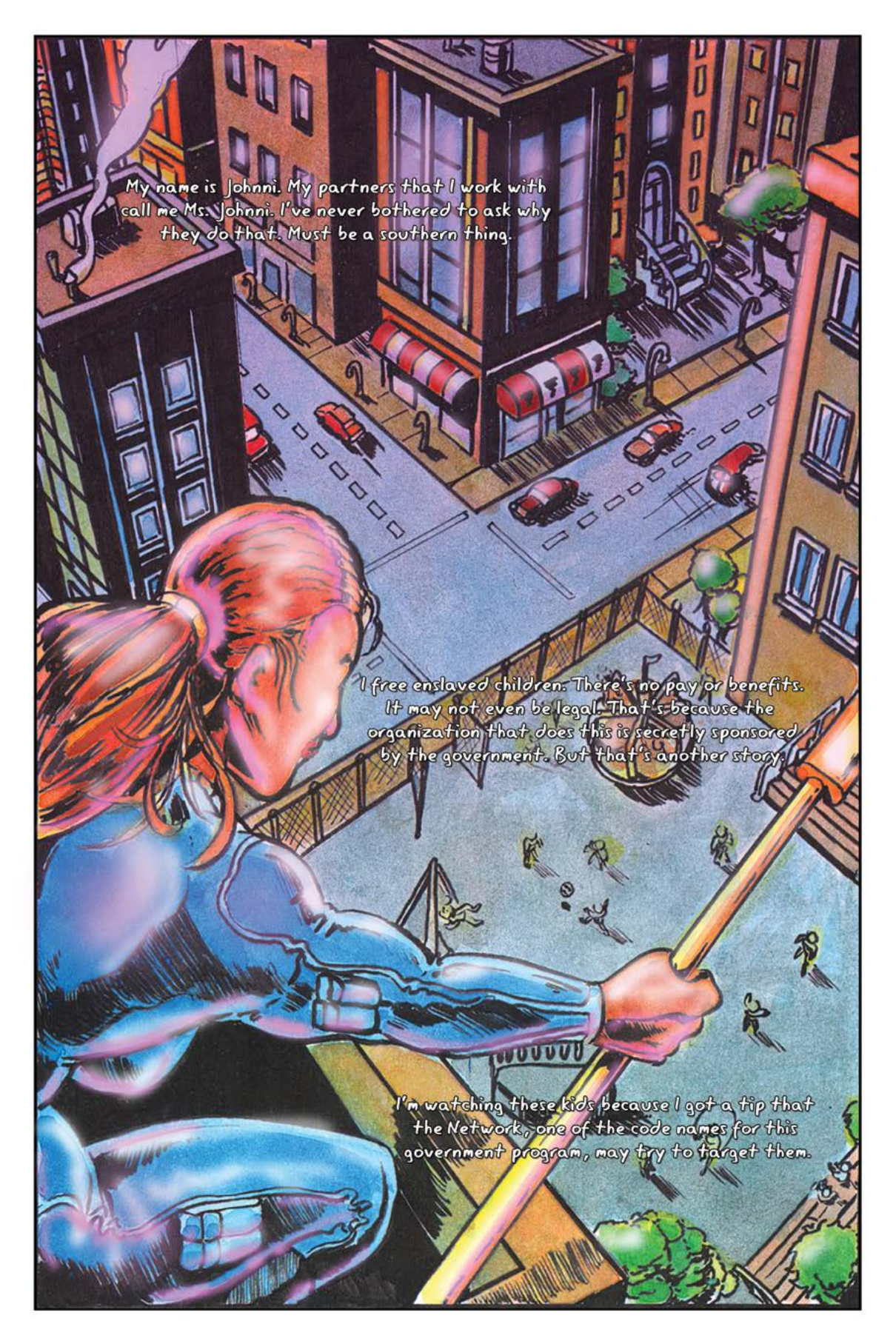








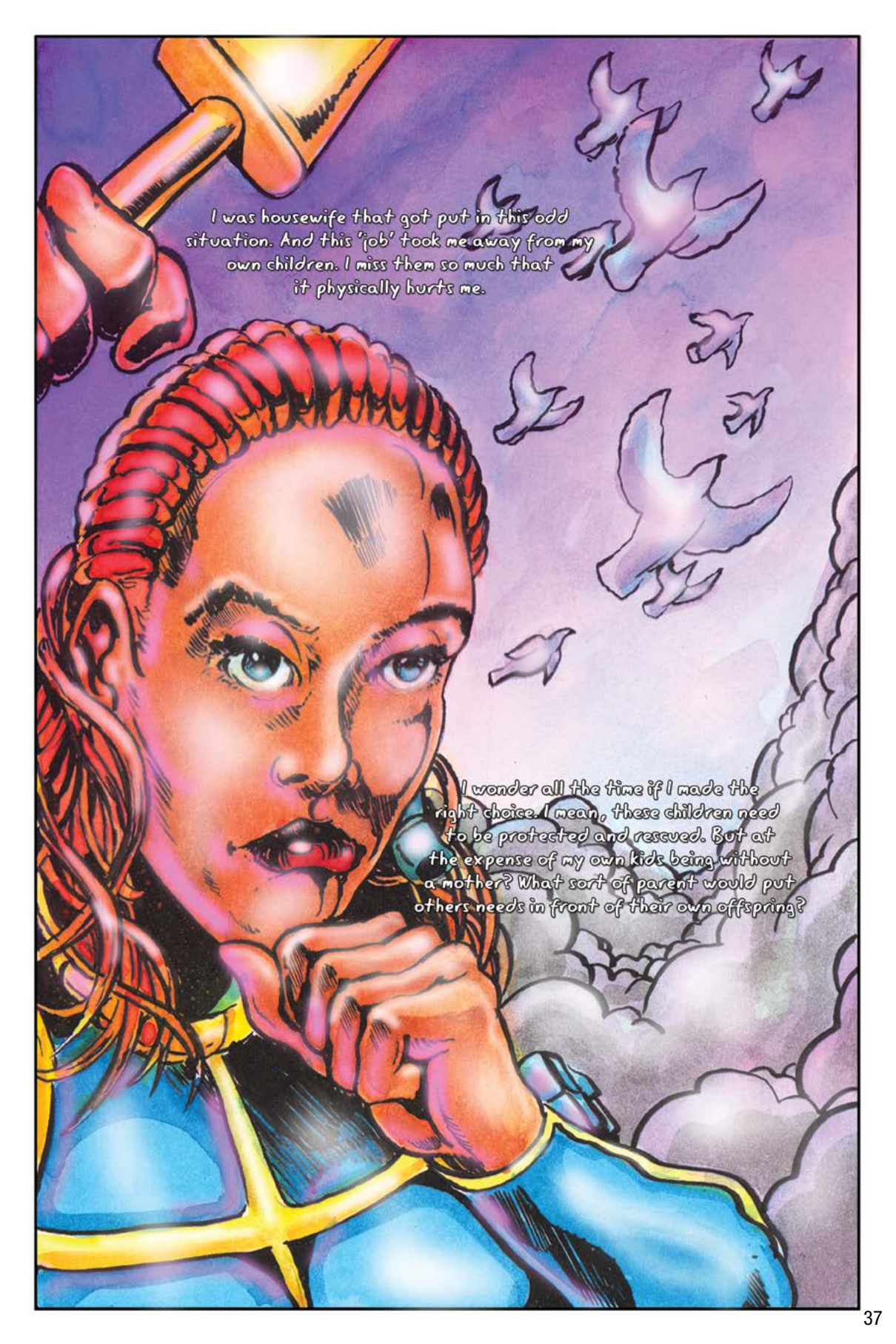
End.



My name is Johnni. My partners that I work with call me Ms. Johnni. I've never bothered to ask why they do that. Must be a southern thing.

I free enslaved children. There's no pay or benefits. It may not even be legal. That's because the organization that does this is secretly sponsored by the government. But that's another story.

I'm watching these kids because I got a tip that the Network, one of the code names for this government program, may try to target them.



I was housewife that got put in this odd situation. And this 'job' took me away from my own children. I miss them so much that it physically hurts me.

I wonder all the time if I made the right choice. I mean, these children need to be protected and rescued. But at the expense of my own kids being without a mother? What sort of parent would put others needs in front of their own offspring?



That kid is going for that ball in the street,
not even looking for traffic. And there's
a sports car and a network van???
Not the 'network' that I expected.



That sports car driver
isn't even paying attention!



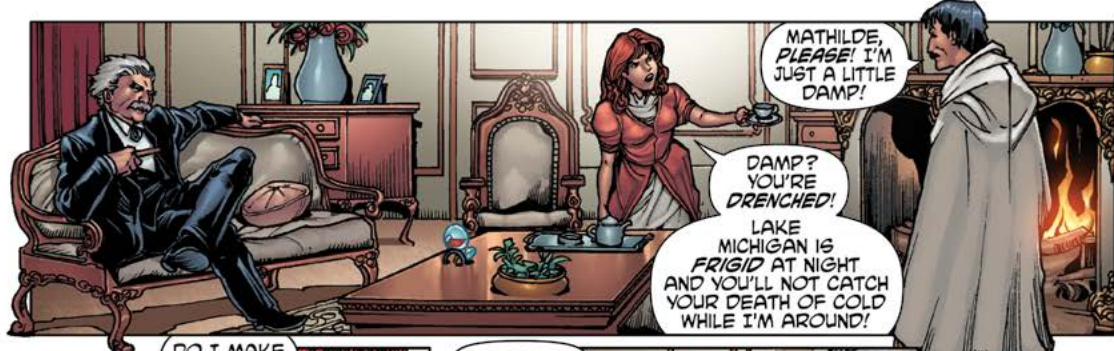
ZZZRRRAAPP!!!



The little girl was scared off from running into the street because of my staff's electric pulse. The sports car swerved and rammed into a building. No one was hurt but the sports car couple is shaken up a little bit.

Turns out that the sports car couple were a drunk congressman and wife, a married couple... just not married to each other. The network van was en route to cover a shopping mall opening when this little story fell into their laps.

So, my tip was wrong but that's OK. My partners whisk me away as I hold to a ladder extended from a high tech aircraft. I need to call my kids tonight.



MATHILDE, PLEASE! I'M JUST A LITTLE DAMP!

DAMP? YOU'RE DRENCHED!

LAKE MICHIGAN IS FRIGID AT NIGHT AND YOU'LL NOT CATCH YOUR DEATH OF COLD WHILE I'M AROUND!

DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

PERFECTLY.

MATHILDE IS SUCH A LOVELY GIRL. NIKOLA, GIVEN YOUR *UNIQUE* TOUCH WITH THE FAIR SEX...

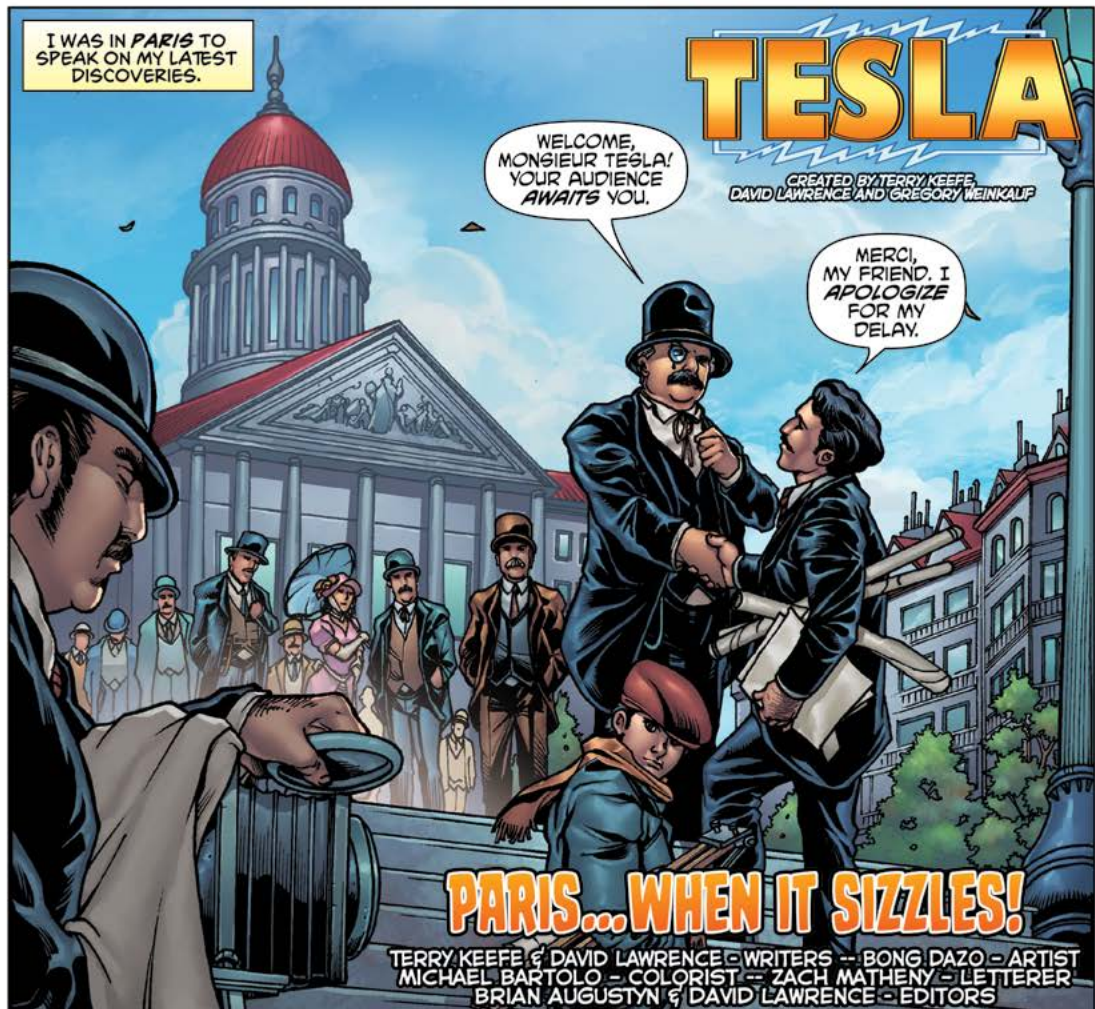


HOW EVER DID YOU FIND HER?



MARK, AT THE RISK OF AGAIN PROVIDING YOU A CHEAP LAUGH AT MY EXPENSE—

I THINK SHE FOUND ME!



I WAS IN PARIS TO SPEAK ON MY LATEST DISCOVERIES.

TESLA

CREATED BY TERRY KEEFE, DAVID LAWRENCE AND GREGORY WEINKAUF

WELCOME, MONSIEUR TESLA! YOUR AUDIENCE AWAITS YOU.

MERCI, MY FRIEND. I APOLOGIZE FOR MY DELAY.

PARIS...WHEN IT SIZZLES!

TERRY KEEFE & DAVID LAWRENCE - WRITERS -- BONG DAZO - ARTIST
MICHAEL BARTOLO - COLORIST -- ZACH MATHENY - LETTERER
BRIAN AUGUSTYN & DAVID LAWRENCE - EDITORS



SAME
OLD
TESLA-



LATE FOR
EVERYTHING!

PIERRE? I
THOUGHT YOUR
WORK KEPT YOU
TOO BUSY FOR
SOMETHING AS
DULL AS THIS!

NEVER TOO
BUSY FOR
YOU, NIKOLA!
BESIDES-

I'VE
BROUGHT
YOU SOMEONE
TO MEET.



INDEED? THEN WHY
LET HER GO?

UM, WELL
YOU SEE...
THAT IS...



NIKOLA TESLA,
MADAMOISELLE
MATHILDE
POINCARÉ.

THE
BEST ASSISTANT I'VE
EVER HAD. I RECOMMEND
HER SERVICES MOST HIGHLY!



YOU SEE,
THE DOCTOR HAS
TAKEN A LIKING TO HIS
NEWEST STUDENT... BUT
FOR SOME REASON
SHE DOES NOT
LIKE ME!

I CAN'T
IMAGINE
WHY...



I MUST GO. WHEN
I'M LATE MARIE
HEAVES THE
PITCHBLLENDE
AT ME!

TRUST
ME. TALK TO
MATHILDE MY
FRIEND!



MONGIEUR TESLA,
I ASSURE YOU MY
QUALIFICATIONS...

PLEASE
EXCUSE ME.
AS PIERRE
OBSERVED I AM
VERY LATE.
ENJOY
THE DEMON-
STRATION.



MY AUDIENCE INCLUDED THE MOST DECORATED MINDS IN FRANCE.



BUT I WAS SOON TO LEARN THESE WERE TROUBLED TIMES IN PARIS—

AND NOT ALL HAD BEEN BROUGHT BY A THIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.



IS IT ALL PREPARED, JEREMY?

READY, BOSS!



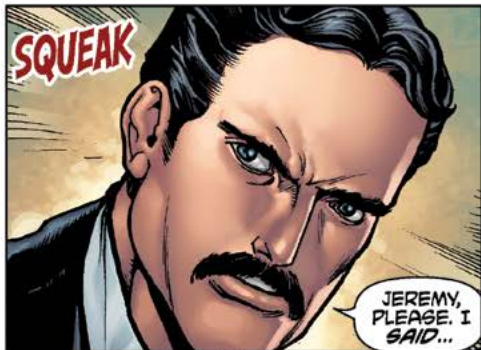
I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THE FREQUENCY GENERATOR IN OPERATION REALLY IS QUITE BEAUTIFUL.

MY AUDIENCE SEEMED TO THINK SO, TOO.



GO, JEREMY. I'LL MEET YOU BACK AT THE HOTEL.





JEREMY,
PLEASE. I
SAID...



I'M SORRY.
WERE YOU
EXPECTING
SOMEONE?

NO. BUT I AM
AFRAID YOU HAVE
MISSED TODAY'S
LECTURE.

I WAS
HERE BUT
I'M A SIMPLE
MAN. I DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND
IT ALL.



PRECISELY
WHAT
CAN
YOUR GADGET
DO?

IN ALL THE
UNIVERSE THE
KEY IS FINDING
THE RIGHT
VIBRATION!



AT ONE
FREQUENCY THIS
CAN TRANSMIT
POWER ACROSS
UNIMAGINABLE
DISTANCES.

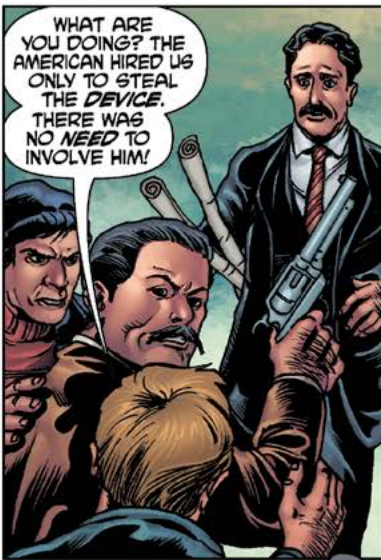
AT
ANOTHER, DRAW
IT LIMITLESSLY
FROM THE SKY
ABOVE—

WHILE AT
ANOTHER STILL
IT CAN SHAKE
THE GROUND
BENEATH OUR
FEET!



THAT'S ALL
I NEEDED TO
KNOW.

CLICK





I TRIED DESPERATELY TO
REASON WITH MY CAPTORS.

THE
FREQUENCY
GENERATOR
IS NOT A
WEAPON.

REALLY?

A DEVICE THAT
CAN ABSORB
UNLIMITED ENERGY
FROM THE VERY
AIR AND TRANSFER
TO ANY SUBJECT
IT CONTACTS
IS *NOT* A
WEAPON?

ARE YOU
TRULY SO
NAIVE?

BELIEVE ME,
YOUR LITTLE TOY
IS GOING TO
MAKE A *BIG*
IMPRESSION.

MONSIEUR,
THIS SMALL
PROTOTYPE
HAS A *LIMITED*
CAPACITY.

PERHAPS...



BUT I THINK
THIS STORM WILL
PROVIDE ALL
THE **POWER**
WE NEED.



KEPT
THEM IN
SIGHT-



BUT IF
I USE A
LIFT THEY'LL
KNOW I'M
COMING.



NO TRICKS,
TESLA. WHEN THEY
SEE THIS MONUMENT
THREATENING TO RIP
ITSELF TO BITS THE
GOVERNMENT WILL
KNOW IT HAS TO
DEAL WITH US!

EVEN IF MY
DEVICE CAN
DO AS YOU
DESIRE-

HOW CAN
YOU BE SURE I
WON'T BRING THE
TOWER DOWN
ATOP US?

BECAUSE
COMFORTABLE
MEN WISH ONLY
TO SURVIVE.

THEY LACK THE
REVOLUTIONARY
COURAGE OF THOSE
FIGHTING FOR A
GREATER CAUSE.

PERHAPS
YOU ARE
RIGHT.

NOT ALL
MEN HAVE A
CAUSE-



BUT
I DO.





THE WIND
IS TOO
STRONG!

IS THERE
ANYTHING YOU
CAN USE FOR
WEIGHT?





AS DOCTOR CURIE SAID... MY SERVICES ARE RECOMMENDED MOST HIGHLY.

WITH THE HELP OF THE ROPE WE WERE ABLE TO CLIMB TO SAFETY—



AND BY THE TIME WE REACHED THE BOTTOM POLICE HAD ARRIVED.

NOW, ABOUT THAT JOB...

UM...



THAT IS...



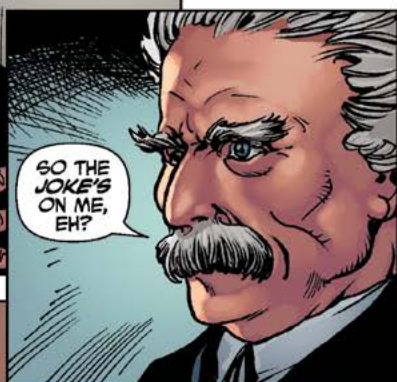
BOSS! I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU!



MY MOTHER... DYING???



I HAVE TO GO!





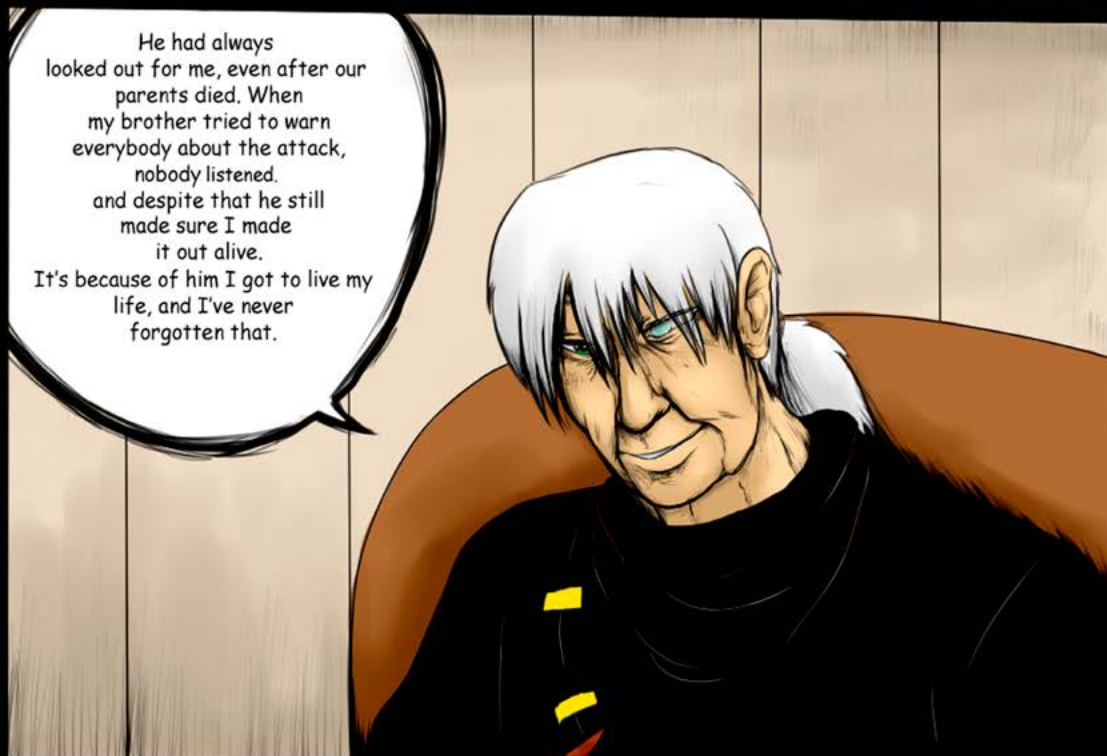






And that,
was how I
escaped the
raid on my
village, and how
I'm still alive
today.

All
thanks to
my older
brother,
who gave
his life
for mine.

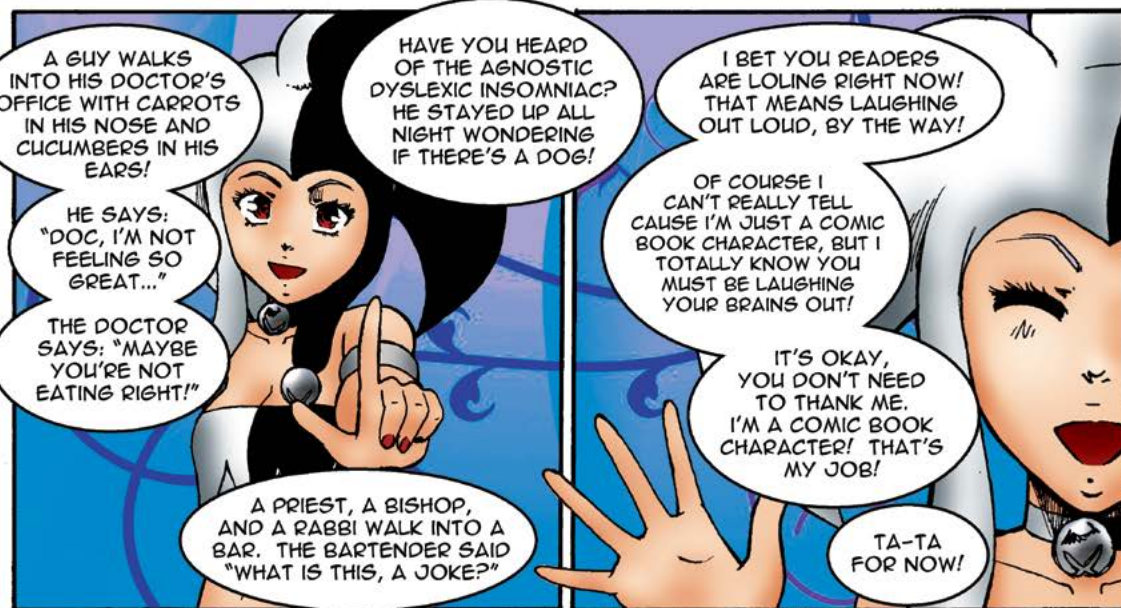
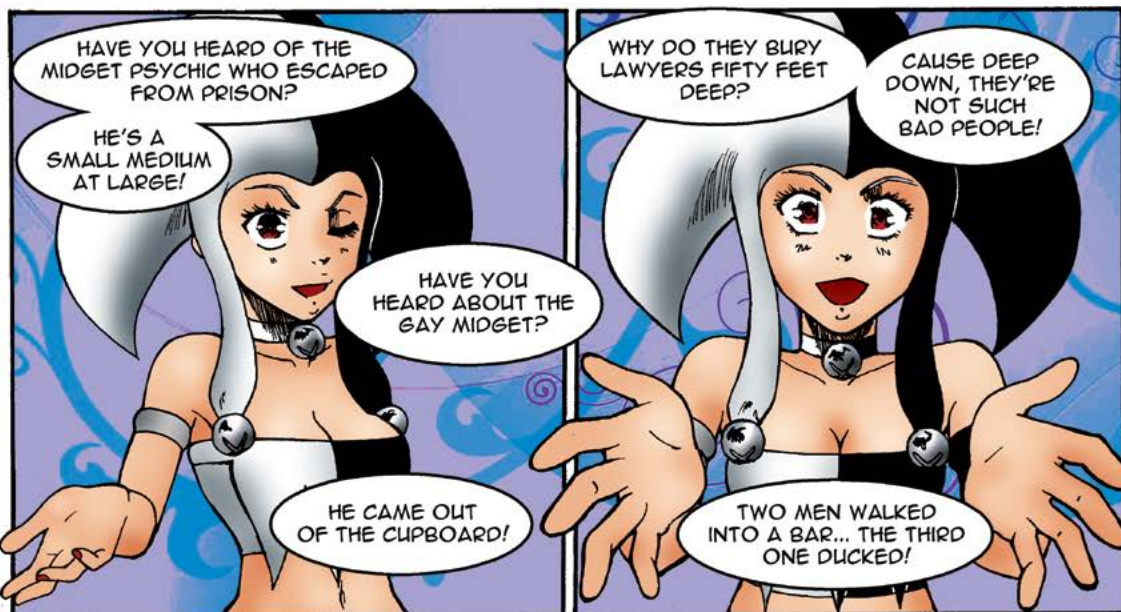


He had always
looked out for me, even after our
parents died. When
my brother tried to warn
everybody about the attack,
nobody listened.
and despite that he still
made sure I made
it out alive.
It's because of him I got to live my
life, and I've never
forgotten that.



There are no
words to describe how
gratefull I am.

All i can say is
"thank you"
wherever you are



THE TERROR OF TIKBALANG!

DAYS AFTER THEIR ENCOUNTER WITH
THE KAPRE[®] AND THE DUWENDE:

"SURE!
LET'S DO THE
CLASS TRIP TO
THE FOREST!"
HE SAID.

"WE CAN
SNEAK OFF AND
PAY OUR RESPECTS
TO THE KAPRE!"
HE SAID.

MICHELLE, IT'S
NOT AS IF ROMMEL
KEEPING A PROMISE
TO AN ACTUAL FRIENDLY
MYTHIC CREATURE IS
A BAD THING.

WHA--?

DID YOU HEAR
SOMETHING...?



JUST ME,
JINKY. IT'S
THOSE HOT
DOGS FROM
LUNCH.

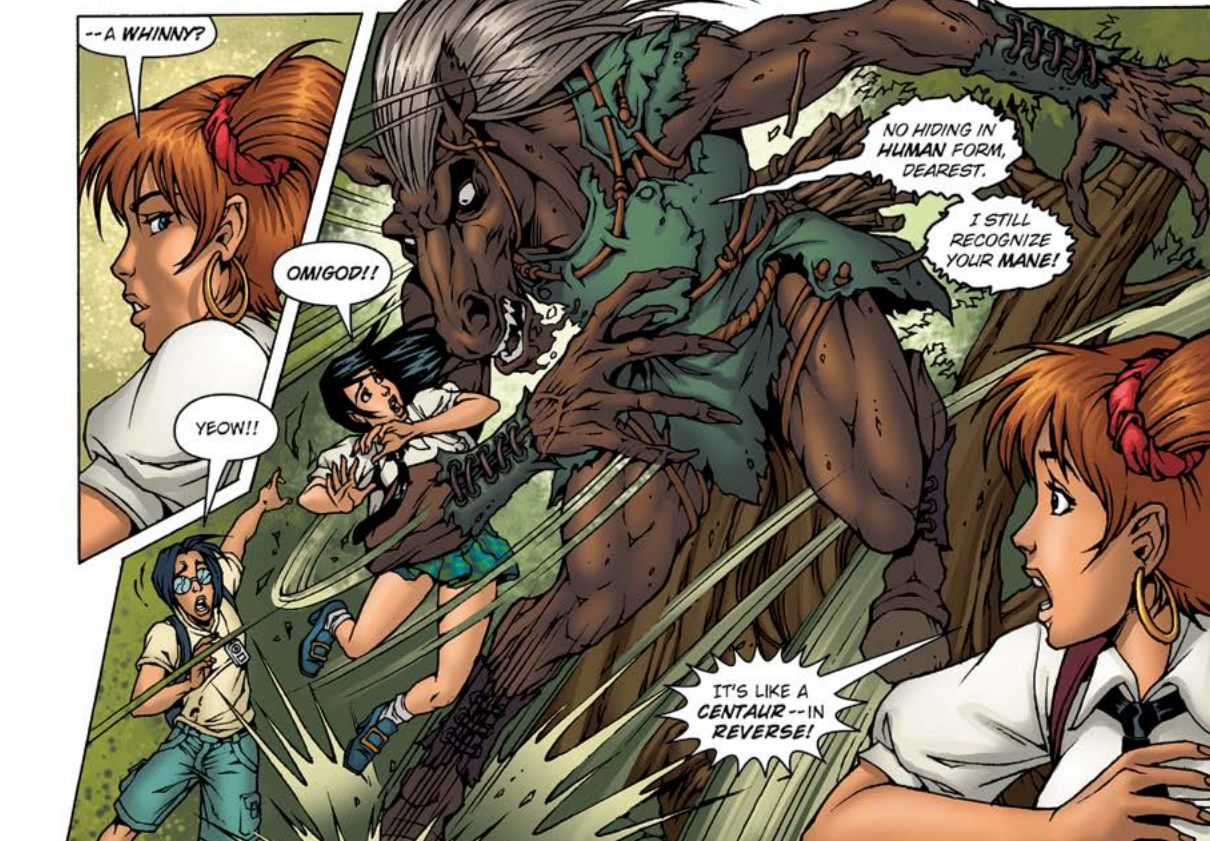
MUST'VE
HAD ME HALF
A DOZEN!

-BURRRRP-

GEEZ, WE
CAN'T TAKE YOU
ANYWHERE!

HUSH,
GUYS.

WE LOST OUR
CLASS, AND I
HEARD --



--A WHINNY?

OMIGOD!!

YEOW!!

NO HIDING IN
HUMAN FORM,
DEAREST.

I STILL
RECOGNIZE
YOUR MANE!

IT'S LIKE A
CENTAUR--IN
REVERSE!



STOP HORSIN'
AROUND!

LET
GO OF ME!
WHOA!

I SAID
WHOA!!


FOUND YOU,
MY BRIDE!

OUR GUESTS
ARE WAITING!

...BRIDE...?







ALL RIGHT,
MISS TICKY--

--WHERE'S
THE REAL
MICHELLE?

SOMETHING
ABOUT A
WEDDING...?

NEIGGH
HHHHHHH

... MY
WEDDING...??



MY
BETROTHED!!

IT WAS SO
MUCH FUN HAVING
SPORT WITH YOU
CHILDREN --

--THAT I
FORGOT!

WHOA,
MULE.

HEEL.

DOWN,
GIRL!



THE
CEREMONY'S
STARTING...

HUH?

YOU'RE
TRICKING YOUR
GUY...ER, STALLION
INTO MARRYING
MICHELLE?

SO YOU
DIDN'T
"FORGET"?

THIS IS
ABOUT GETTING
"COLD FEET"??

...A LITTLE
BIT...?

ONE "PEP TALK" LATER:

MY BRIDE?
THIS ISN'T
YOU??

NEIGHHHH

I'M SO
SORRY...!

YOU GUYS
HAVE NO
IDEA --

-- HOW
GLAD I AM TO
SEE YOU!

I WENT OFF
TO PLAY --

-- I LOST
TRACK OF
TIME --

-- AND
WAS AFRAID
OF BEING
SADDLED.

BUT NOW
YOU'RE HERE --
AND READY.
THAT'S WHAT
MATTERS.

GREAT
DRESS. SAVE
IT FOR
YOUR REAL
WEDDING!

WHA--?

SOON AFTER:

SUNNY AND
RAINING. THE
WEDDING MUST BE
UNDERWAY!

HOW'S IT
FEEL NEARLY
TO GET HITCHED
WHILE HIKING?

CAREFUL,
JINKY.

NEVER KNOW
WHEN ONE OF
YOUR FANBOYS
MIGHT TRY IT
ON YOU!





AFTER DAYS WANDERING AROUND THE TICK FOREST, SHE HAS FINALLY TAKEN ME THERE.



MY NAME IS JOE PETRUCCI. A HUNTER WHO HAS TRAVELLED TO THE FARTHEST OF LANDS IN SEARCH FOR THE ULTIMATE PRIZE.



AND THERE IT WAS.

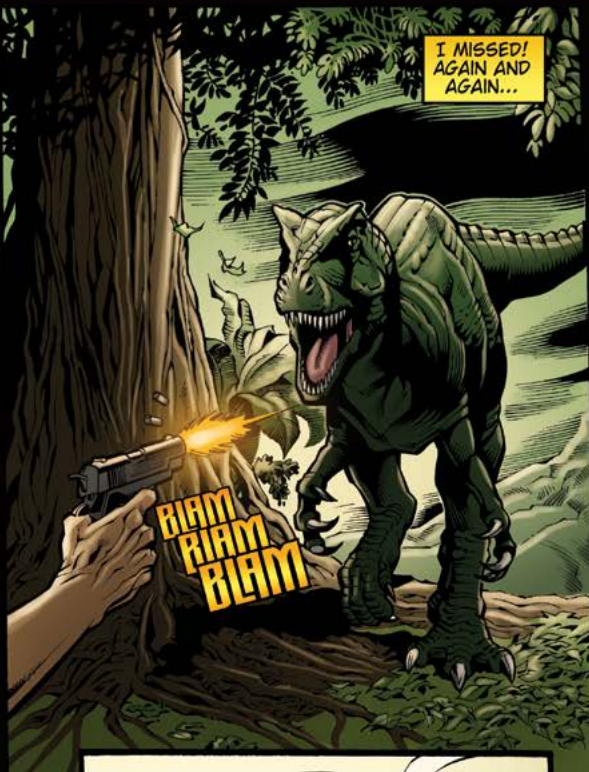
TYRANNOSAURUS REX. A YOUNG ONE. PERFECT.



IT WAS DISTRACTED AND I HAD IT ON MY SIGHT. ONE SHOT AND IT'D BE DONE.

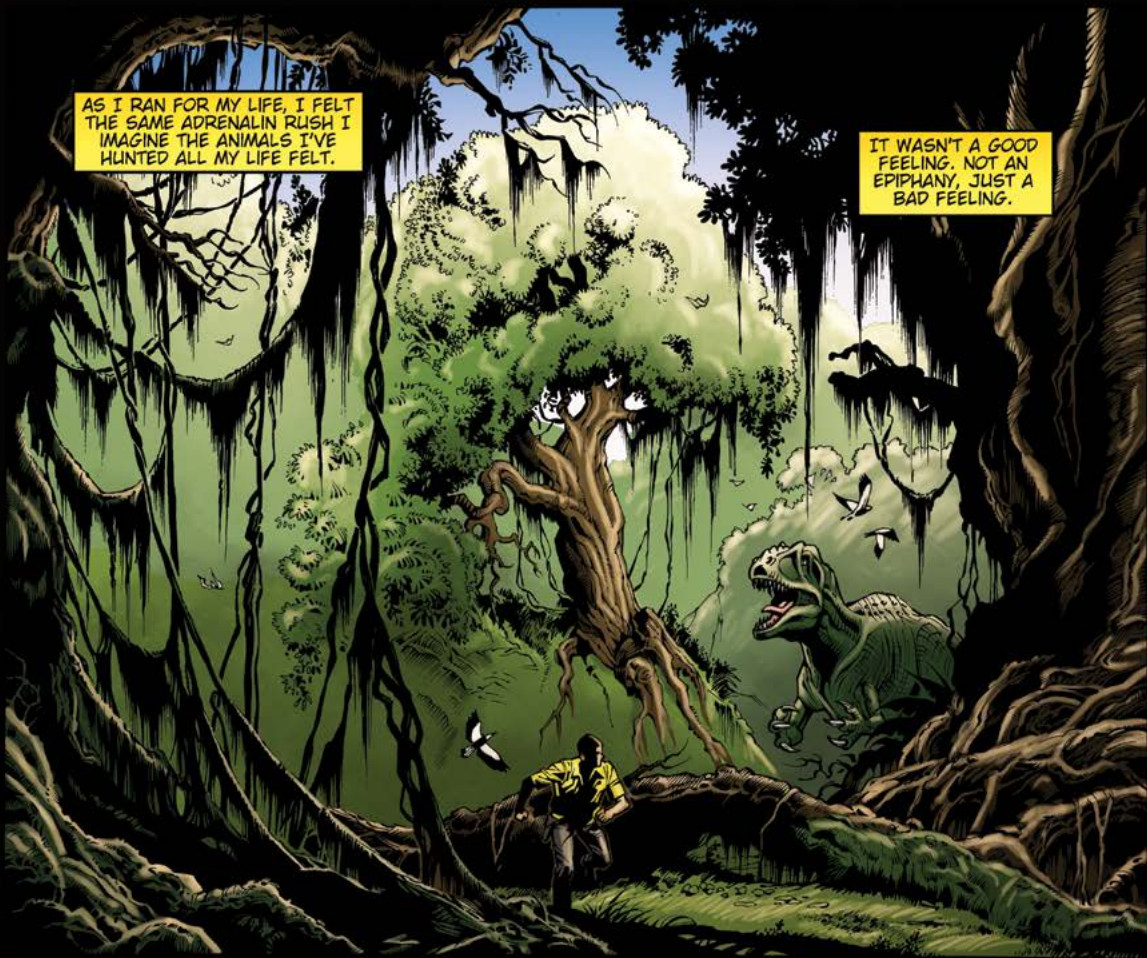
I COULD GO BACK TO AMERICA WITH THE CORPSE OF THE DEADLIEST PREDATOR OF ALL.

IT'D BE THE CENTRAL PIECE OF MY COLLECTION.



AS I RAN FOR MY LIFE, I FELT
THE SAME ADRENALIN RUSH I
IMAGINE THE ANIMALS I'VE
HUNTED ALL MY LIFE FELT.

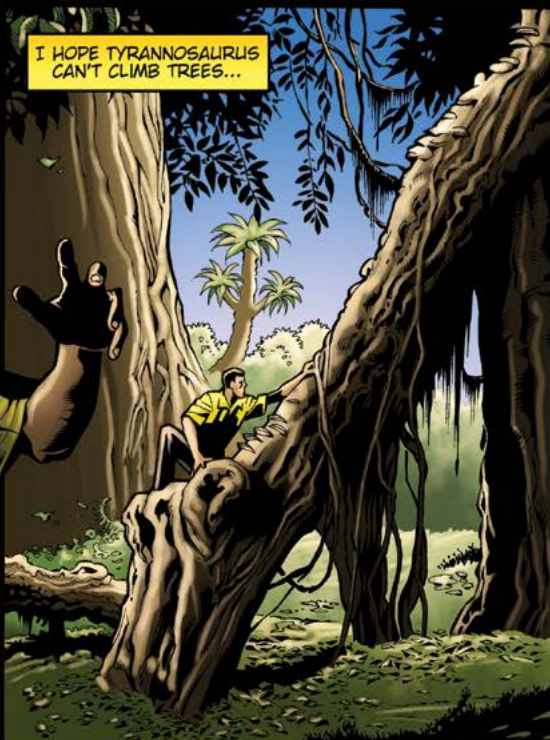
IT WASN'T A GOOD
FEELING. NOT AN
EPIPHANY, JUST A
BAD FEELING.



ON THAT MOMENT, I
PROMISED MYSELF I'D KILL
THAT PRIMITIVE WOMAN IF I
GOT OUT OF THAT ALIVE.



I HOPE TYRANNOSAURUS
CAN'T CLIMB TREES...







HELP WILL COME.
IN THE MOST UNLIKELY OF SITUATIONS.
FROM THE MOST UNLIKELY OF DIRECTIONS.
HELP WILL COME.



71

THE FRUITS OF EVIL™

ENTER : BAD APPLE!



SOON...
SOON...

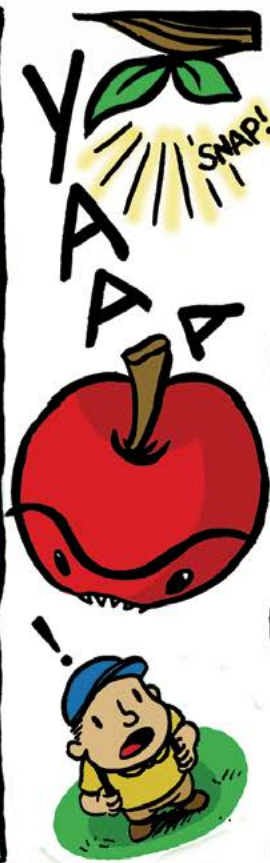
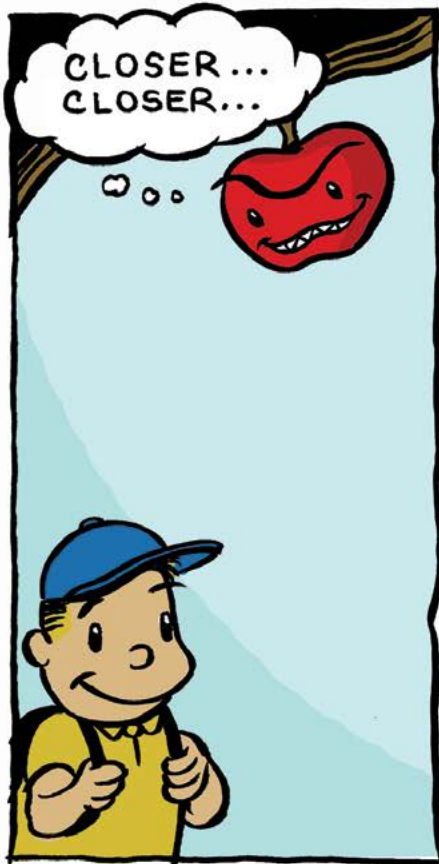
© Mike Gray
2012

EVIL MUST BE
PATIENT!



WHAT'S THIS?!?
AH-HA!!





ANY MORE
QUESTIONS
FOR ME?

ANDROMEDA
CAPTAIN

DUEL™ IDENTITY

ELAINE LEE - STORY
FRANCIS NUGUIT - ART
MARLON ILAGAN - COLORS
ZACH MATHENY - LETTERS
BRIAN AUGUSTYN &
DAVID LAWRENCE - EDITS
SPECIAL THANKS TO
MEL JOY, SAN JUAN &
JUNE BRIGMAN
CREATED BY BENNY POWELL

JUST
TWO.

ANDROMEDA,
DO THE TERRIBLE
PROBLEMS THE
WORLD FACES EVER
MAKE YOU FEEL
HOPELESS?

NO. I BELIEVE
IN HUMAN
INGENUITY.

...MOST
PEOPLE ARE
GOOD... TRYING
TO DO THEIR
BEST...

I ALSO
BELIEVE THAT
MOST PEOPLE
ARE GOOD AND
ARE TRYING TO
DO THE BEST
THEY CAN.

RIGHT. AND SANTA AND
THE TOOTH FAIRY ARE
REAL. THEN AGAIN...

...A FEW MONTHS AGO,
ANDROMEDA WASN'T REAL.

LAST QUESTION.
IS IT TRUE YOU'RE
SEEING REID
KAVANAUGH?

KIND MAN,
SUPPORTER...

MR.
KAVANAUGH
IS A KIND MAN
WHO SUPPORTS
MY EFFORTS.
THAT'S ALL.

AND NOW,
I REALLY
HAVE TO
GO.

WISH I BELIEVED
IT, THOUGH.
THAT PEOPLE
WERE GOOD.

I'M
CUTTING
YOU OFF,
CYRANO.

HOLD
ON.

WAIT!

WE AGREED,
MY NIGHTS
ARE MINE.

CLIK

STRIKE THAT.

NIGHTS BELONG
TO ARTEMIS.

I SHAKE OFF THE
SPARKLY DO-
GOODER LIKE AN
ILL-FITTING COAT...

...AND SLIP INTO A
MORE COMFORTABLE
PERSONA...



...A PERSONA I'VE
BEEN WEARING
FOR THE PAST
EIGHT YEARS.



EVER SINCE MY
PARENTS DIED.

SINCE "THE
GROUP"
FOUND ME.

SINCE THEY TRAINED
ME TO DO THE JOB
I DO FOR THEM.



AND PROVIDED ME
WITH THE NANOTECH
ENHANCEMENTS THAT
HELP ME TO DO IT.



NO ONE EVER REALLY
LOOKS AT THE WAIT-STAFF.



THE LOCATION OF TONIGHT'S JOB:
A HOT CLUB THAT STARTED LIFE
AS A NEO-GOTHIC SYNAGOGUE.

THE PARTY IS HOSTED
BY UNDERNET, A CAUSE-
BASED START-UP WITH
PLANS TO CREATE AN
ALTERNATE FREE INTERNET...

...A NET NOT SUSCEPTIBLE TO
CENSORSHIP OR, UMM...LET'S
JUST SAY "MONITORING."

UNDERNET'S CEO,
GRIFFIN BELL,
IS MY TARGET.

THIS IS
WHAT ALL THE
EXCITEMENT IS
ABOUT. IT'S NOT
JUST ANOTHER
PHONE.

THE
UNPHONE
WILL COME WITH
ANONYMITY AND
ENCRYPTION SOFTWARE
AS PART OF ITS
OPERATING
SYSTEM.



YOU'LL BE ABLE TO USE THE INTERNET ANONYMOUSLY, SECURE FROM PRYING EYES...

THE GROUP HAS LOTS OF EYES AND LOVES TO PRY. I SEE WHY THEY MIGHT HATE HIM.



...OR YOU CAN BYPASS THE NET COMPLETELY, VIA OUR USER-GENERATED MESH-WEB!

UNTIL NOW, THIS KIND OF SECURITY HAS ONLY BEEN AVAILABLE TO THE TECH SAVVY...



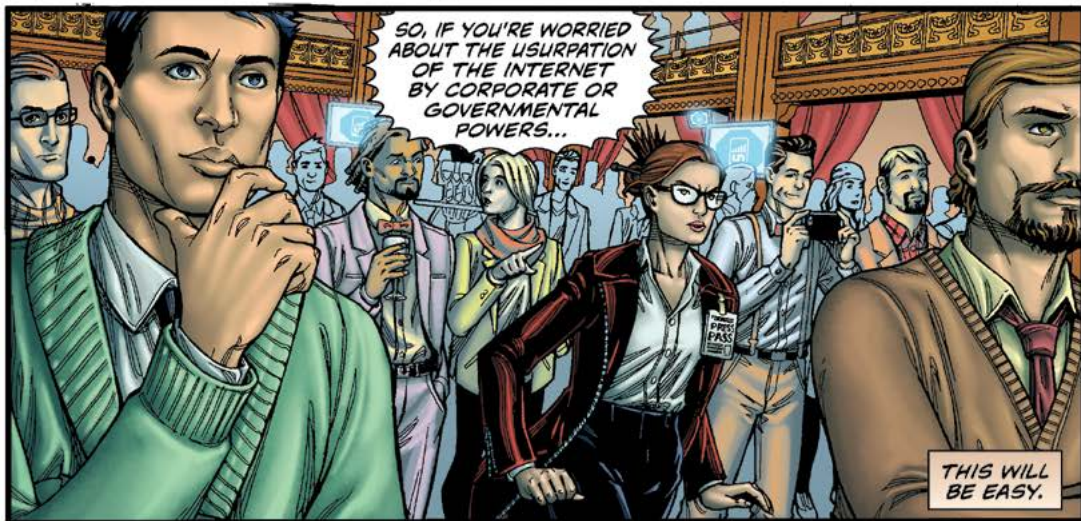
...BUT UNDERNET...
...WILL MAKE IT EASY, CHEAP AND AVAILABLE TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC.

MY WEAPON OF CHOICE IS A HAIR PIN LOADED WITH A HYPER-ALERGEN.



PHONE BOY HAS ASTHMA.

TARGET: BELL, GRIFFIN A.
AGE: 29. TRUTHFUL? YES.
WEAKNESS? ASTHMATIC.



SO, IF YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THE USURPATION OF THE INTERNET BY CORPORATE OR GOVERNMENTAL POWERS...

THIS WILL BE EASY.



...INVEST IN
LINPHONE.

ARTEMIS!

CRAP. SPOKE TOO SOON.

SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS COMING.



RESOURCE:
MOLLINS, SETH.
OCCUPATION:
DIGITAL SECURITY.
AVOCATION:
HACKTIVIST.
AGE: 26.

LINDERNET'S AN IDEA MY
TALENTED ASSET WOULD
EAT WITH A SPOON!

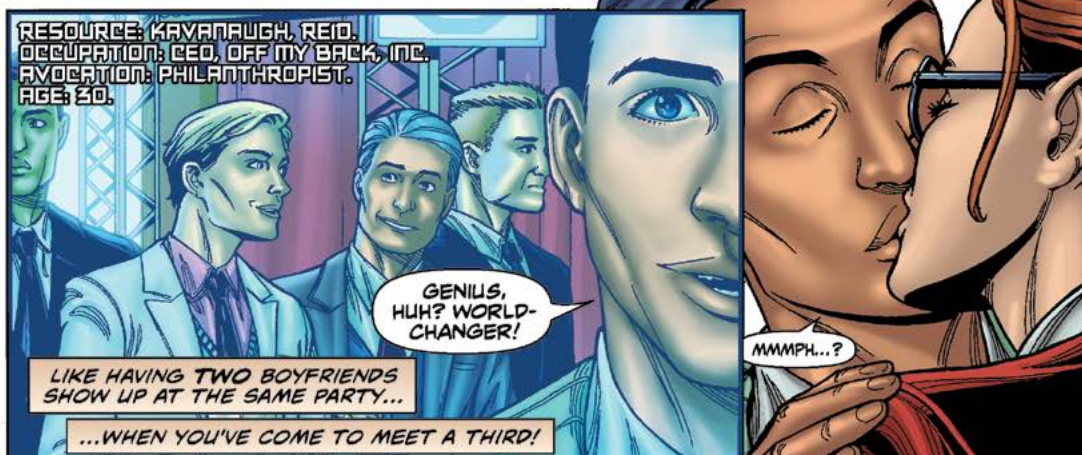
WHAT'RE
YOU DOING
HERE?

WOULD
YOU BELIEVE
ME IF I SAID,
"LOOKING FOR
YOU?"



I'D
CERTAINLY
TRY TO!

UH-OH! KAVANAUGH'S HERE, TALKING
TO BELL. AND HE KNOWS ANDROMEDA.



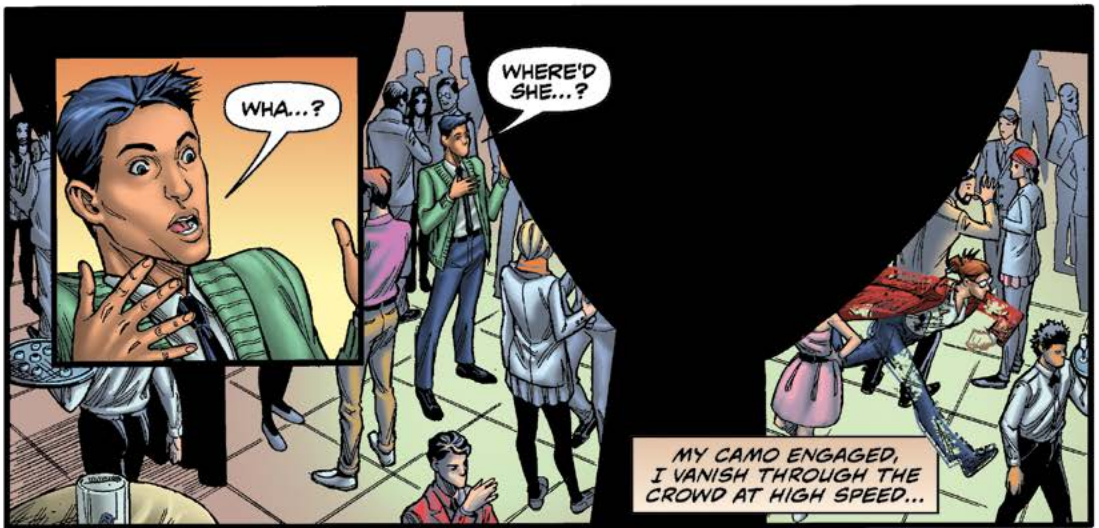
RESOURCE: KAVANAUGH, REID.
OCCUPATION: CEO, OFF MY BACK, INC.
AVOCATION: PHILANTHROPIST.
AGE: 30.

GENIUS,
HUH? WORLD-
CHANGER!

LIKE HAVING TWO BOYFRIENDS
SHOW UP AT THE SAME PARTY...

...WHEN YOU'VE COME TO MEET A THIRD!

MMMPH...?



WHA...?

WHERE'D SHE...?

MY CAMO ENGAGED,
I VANISH THROUGH THE
CROWD AT HIGH SPEED...



...LEAVING PEOPLE
TO WONDER WHO'S
BUMPED THEM.

...GO?



SETH LOOKS FOR A WOMAN
HE THINKS HE KNOWS ON
ONE SIDE OF THE HALL...



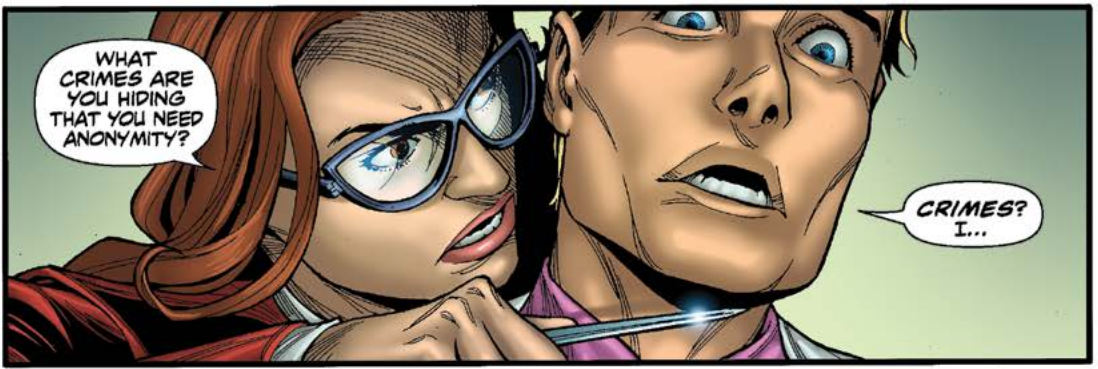
...WHILE I'M ON
THE OTHER.

I QUICKLY SLOW MY
HEART RATE AND
CHANGE MY PERSONA.









WHAT
CRIMES ARE
YOU HIDING
THAT YOU NEED
ANONYMITY?

CRIMES?
I...



TARGET: BELL, GRIFFIN.
VOCAL PITCH? DROPPING.
HEART RATE? SLOWING.

I
BELIEVE THAT
MOST PEOPLE
ARE GOOD.

I'VE HEARD THAT
BEFORE. ONLY
BELL MEANS IT.



UNDERNET EXISTS
TO PROTECT THEM
FROM THOSE WHO
AREN'T.

WHY
IS NAÏVETÉ
SUCH AN
ATTRACTIVE
QUALITY IN
A MAN?

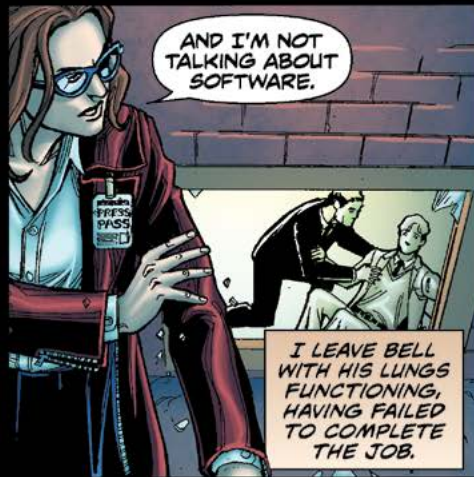


I WON'T...
HURT YOU, BUT
THEY'LL SEND
SOMEONE WHO
WILL.

WHO?
WHO ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?



GET BETTER PROTECTION.



AND I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT SOFTWARE.

I LEAVE BELL WITH HIS LUNGS FUNCTIONING, HAVING FAILED TO COMPLETE THE JOB.



IF MY "GOOD GIRL" ALTER-EGO HAS AFFECTED MY JUDGEMENT I MAY HAVE TO KILL ANDROMEDA-



-BEFORE THE GROUP KILLS ME!

END

JAPAN NEEDS HEROES

BY KEN ANTHONY II

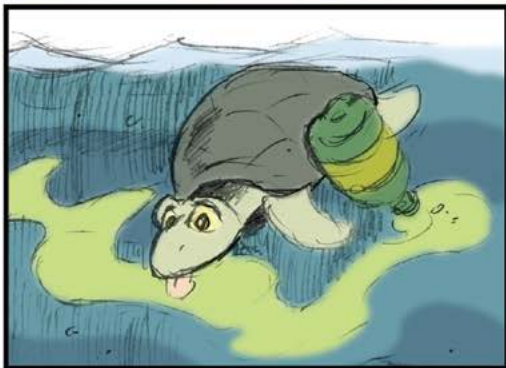
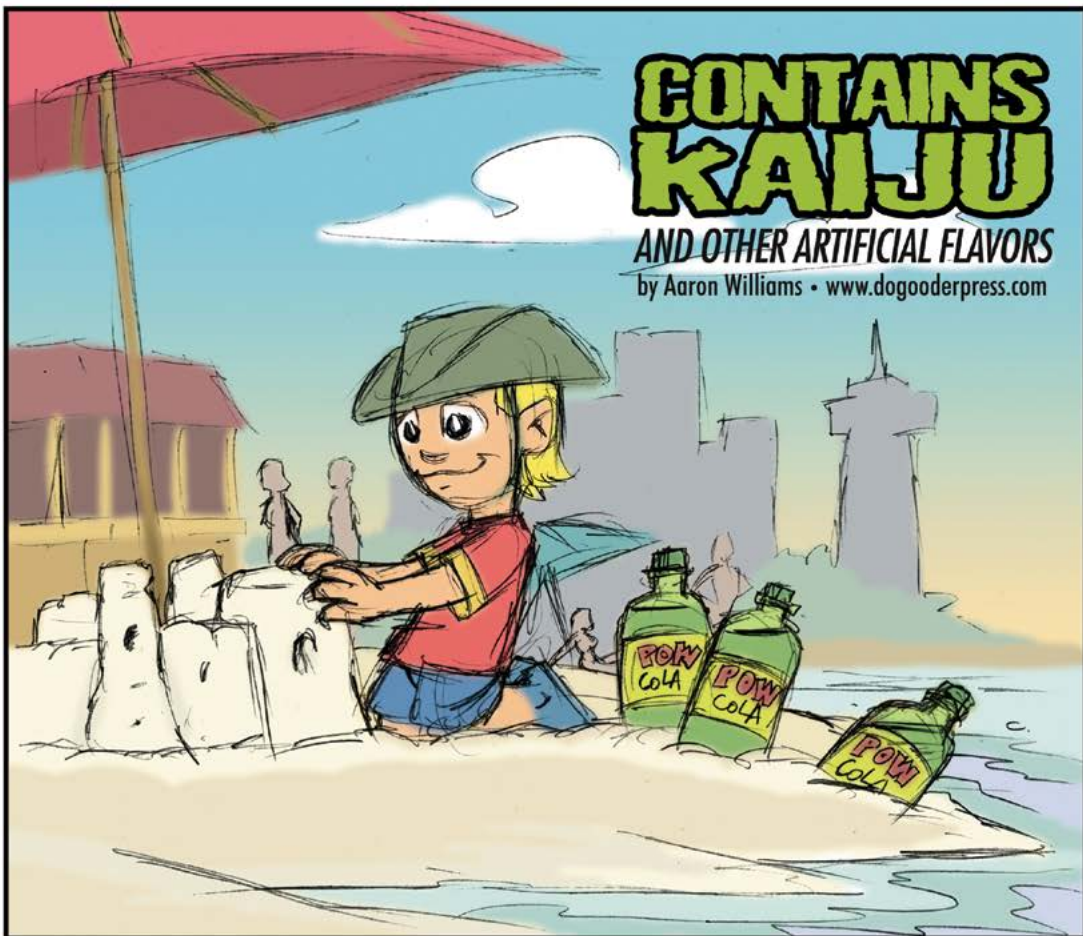




CONTAINS KAIJU

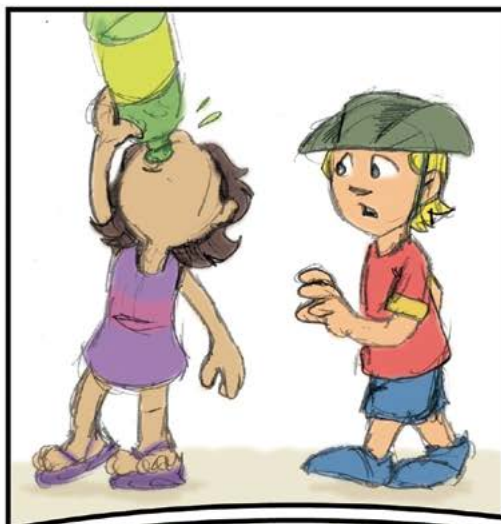
AND OTHER ARTIFICIAL FLAVORS

by Aaron Williams • www.dogooderpress.com









THE END!

Lucas

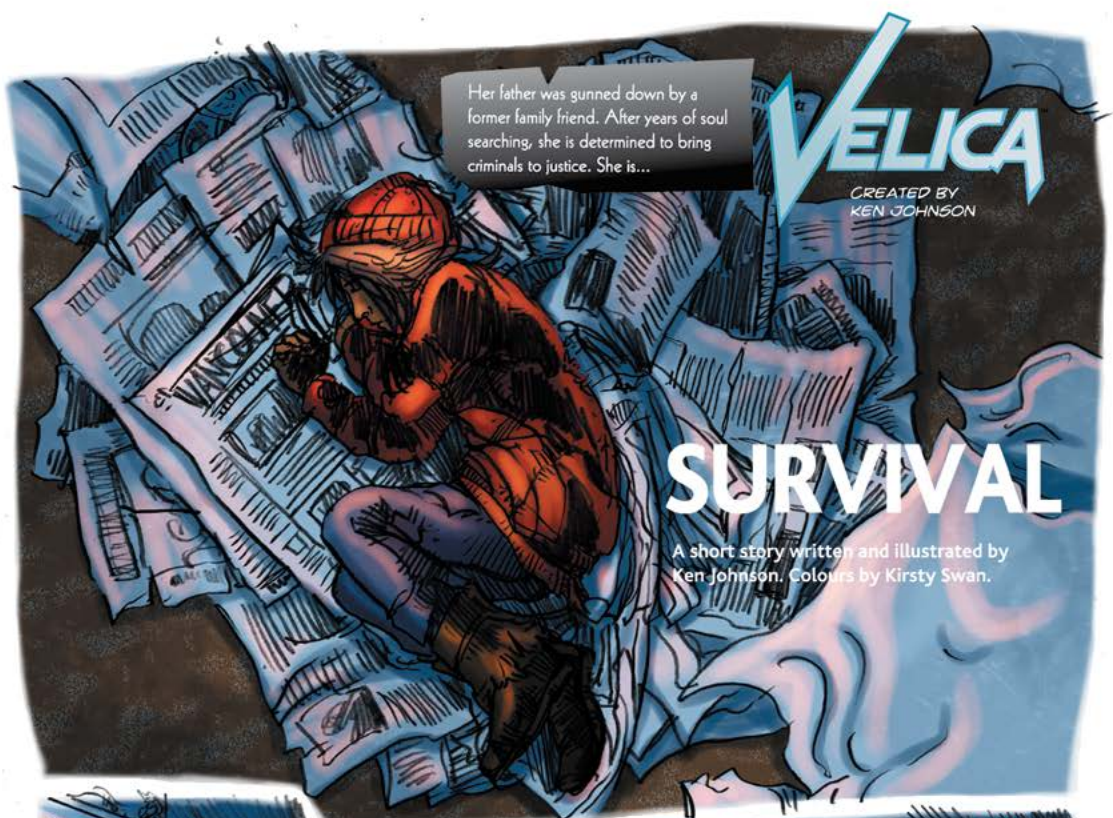








WRITTEN BY: Filip 'God Of War' Różanek
DRAWN BY: Łukasz 'Gamer2002' Świderski



Her father was gunned down by a former family friend. After years of soul searching, she is determined to bring criminals to justice. She is...

VELICA
CREATED BY
KEN JOHNSON

SURVIVAL

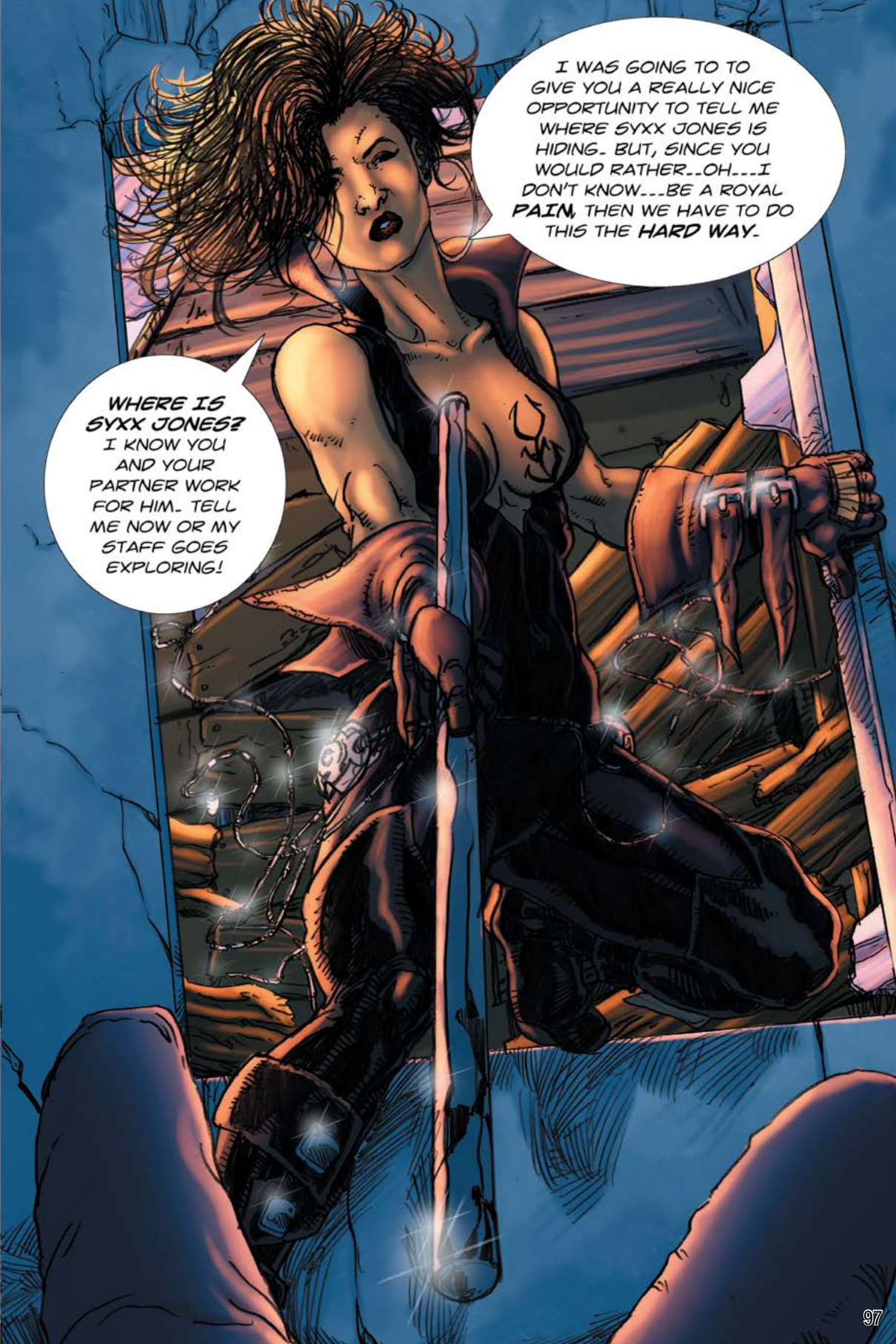
A short story written and illustrated by
Ken Johnson. Colours by Kirsty Swan.



KRAASSH

DO YOUR
WORST. I AIN'T
TALKING.

ALRIGHT...



I WAS GOING TO TO
GIVE YOU A REALLY NICE
OPPORTUNITY TO TELL ME
WHERE SYXX JONES IS
HIDING. BUT, SINCE YOU
WOULD RATHER...OH...I
DON'T KNOW...BE A ROYAL
PAIN, THEN WE HAVE TO DO
THIS THE HARD WAY.

WHERE IS
SYXX JONES?
I KNOW YOU
AND YOUR
PARTNER WORK
FOR HIM. TELL
ME NOW OR MY
STAFF GOES
EXPLORING!





ALRIGHT, VELICA OR
SHALL I CALL YOU
BIMBO IN SPANDEX,
DROP THE STAFF.
WHERE IS MY
PARTNER?



I WOULDN'T BE
TALKING IF I WERE
YOU! Y...
UGGHHH!!!

AAAAAAA!!!!

AAAAAAA!!!!



THAT WAS
RANDOM!

SORRY.
NERVOUS
REACTION.



THAT WAS QUITE A
REACTION. THANKS!
BREAKFAST?

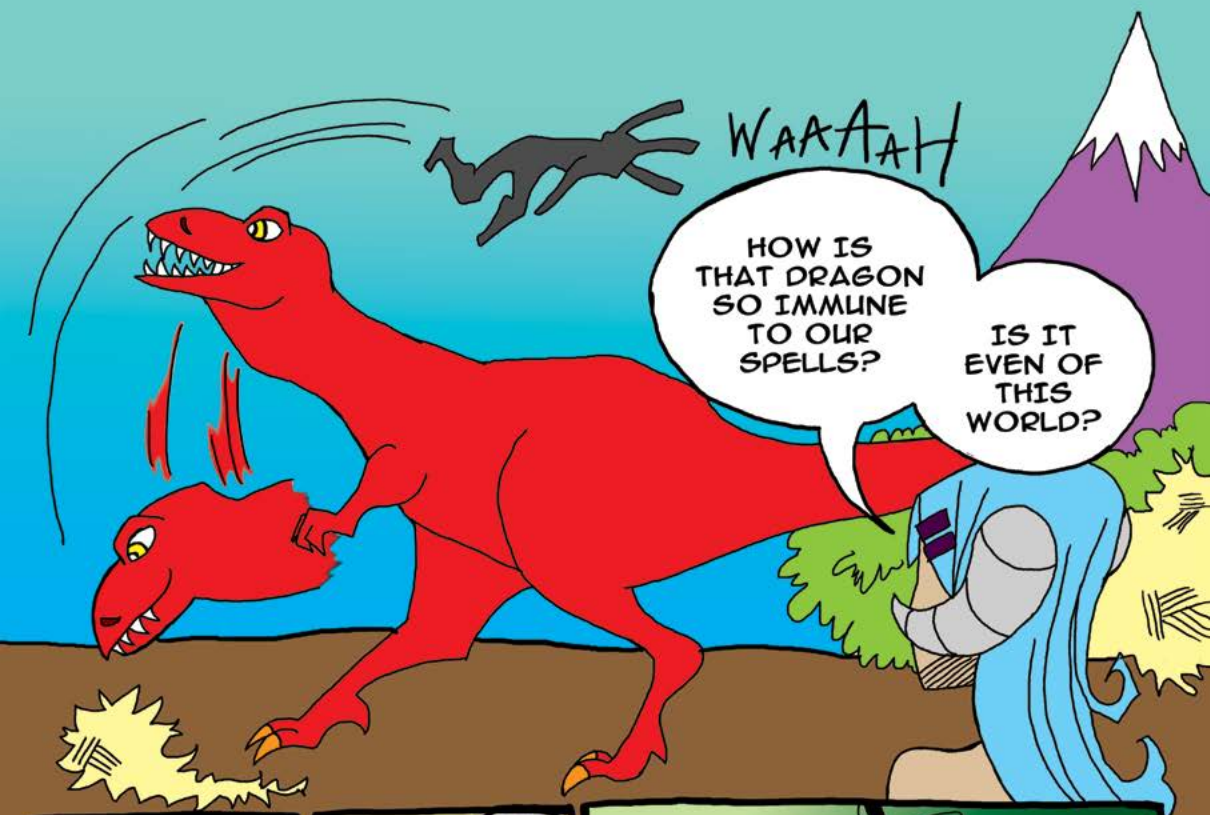
YEAH! THAT WOULD BE
AWESOME!

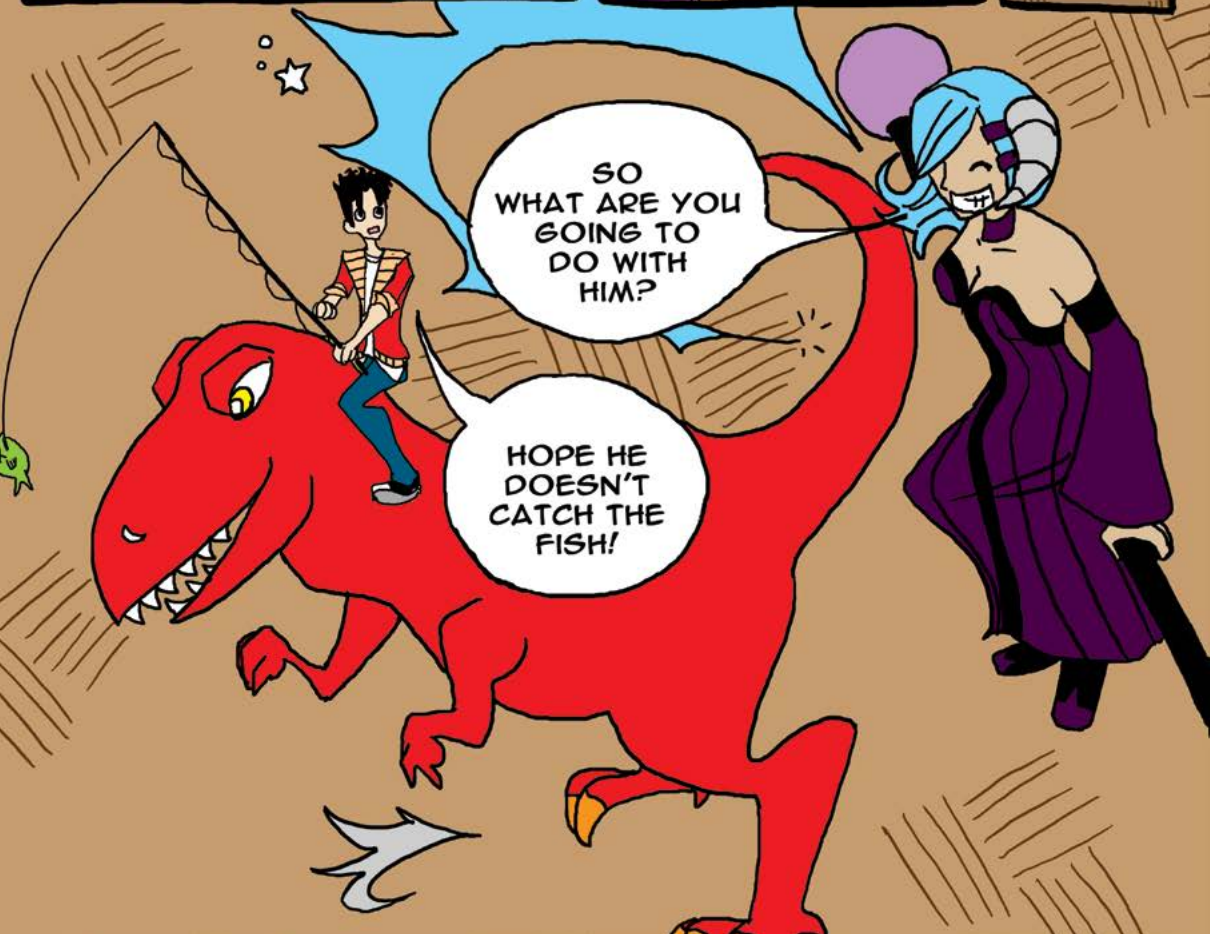
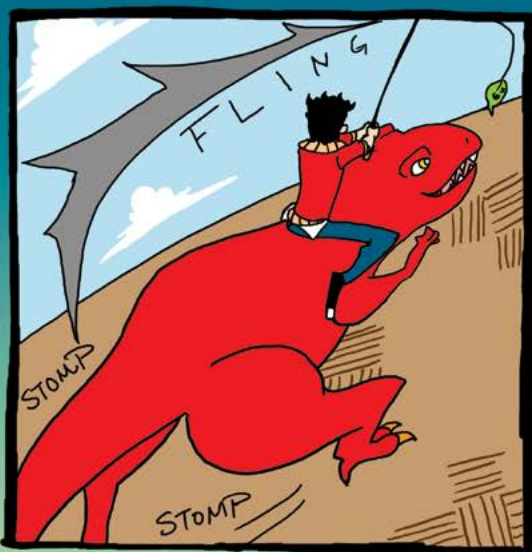
FIN











FIGHT
ONE!



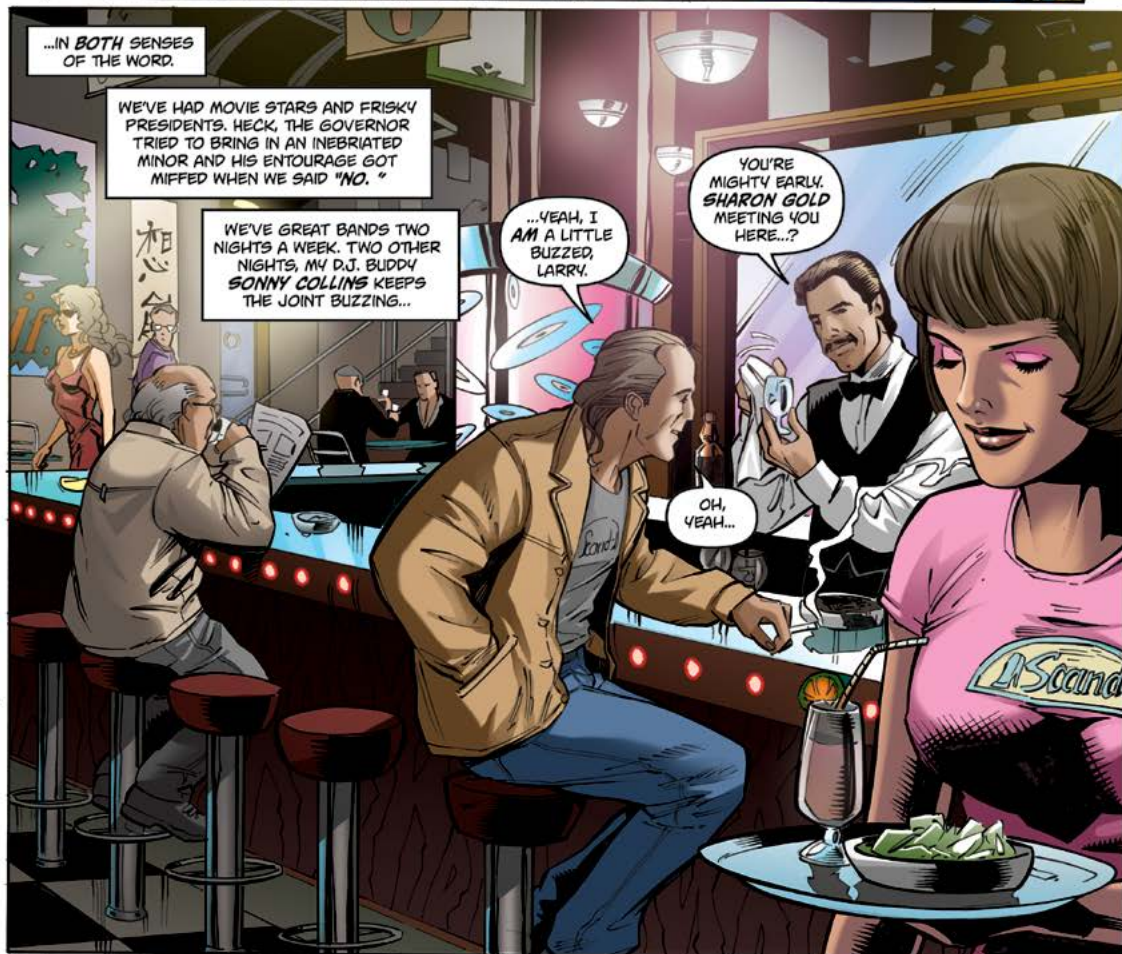
がんばって日本！
「厳」しい時代を
されていまが私たち
は日本たちの
とばに立って！

Heart



IT'S BECOME A CATCH-PHASE:
"THE COOLEST NAMES
IN TOWN ARE INVOLVED
IN SCANDALS."

I KIND OF
LIKE IT. CLEVER.
DOUBLE-MEANING.
AND PROBABLY
TRUE...



...IN BOTH SENSES
OF THE WORD.

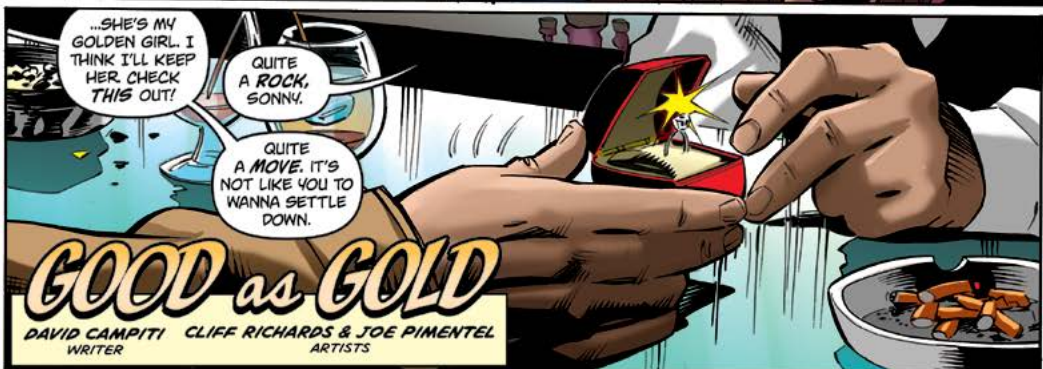
WE'VE HAD MOVIE STARS AND FRISKY
PRESIDENTS. HECK, THE GOVERNOR
TRIED TO BRING IN AN INEBRIATED
MINOR AND HIS ENTOURAGE GOT
MIFFED WHEN WE SAID "NO."

WE'VE GREAT BANDS TWO
NIGHTS A WEEK. TWO OTHER
NIGHTS, MY D.J. BUDDY
SONNY COLLINS KEEPS
THE JOINT BUZZING...

...YEAH, I
AM A LITTLE
BUZZED,
LARRY.

YOU'RE MIGHTY EARLY.
SHARON GOLD
MEETING YOU
HERE...?

OH,
YEAH...



...SHE'S MY
GOLDEN GIRL. I
THINK I'LL KEEP
HER. CHECK
THIS OUT!

QUITE
A ROCK,
SONNY.

QUITE
A MOVE. IT'S
NOT LIKE YOU TO
WANNA SETTLE
DOWN.

GOOD as GOLD

DAVID CAMPITI CLIFF RICHARDS & JOE PIMENTEL
WRITER ARTISTS

LARRY SCOTT, MY MAN, YOU JUST DON'T GET IT. I'VE HAD A FEW RELATIONSHIPS AND EVEN A FEW RADIO GROUPIES...

...BUT NOTHING LIKE THIS. NOTHING LIKE SHARON. I'D BE INSANE TO LOSE HER.

"IT'S BEEN NEARLY FIVE MONTHS - THE BEST FIVE MONTHS OF MY LIFE!"

C'MON, CHIEF- I FIT IN HERE, I LOOK THE PART--

"YES, OFFICER, SHE LOOKED EIGHTEEN." THAT'S JUST ENOUGH TO REVOKE OUR LIQUOR LICENSE.

GOTTA BE TWENTY-ONE, HONEY.

- ARE CARDED EVERY TIME THEY COME IN. I NOTICED YOU SLIPPED AWAY TO GET YOUR OWN DRINK...

I DIDN'T WANT 'EM TO KNOW I COULDN'T EVEN GET A DRINK...

BUT MY FRIENDS--

DAIQUIRI TIME WITH HOT SAUCE...

...TO CONVINCE TASTERS.

LISTEN, I --

NOT TWENTY-ONE TILL NEXT MONTH, SONNY. DOESN'T WANNA LOSE FACE.

PUT IT ON MY TAB.

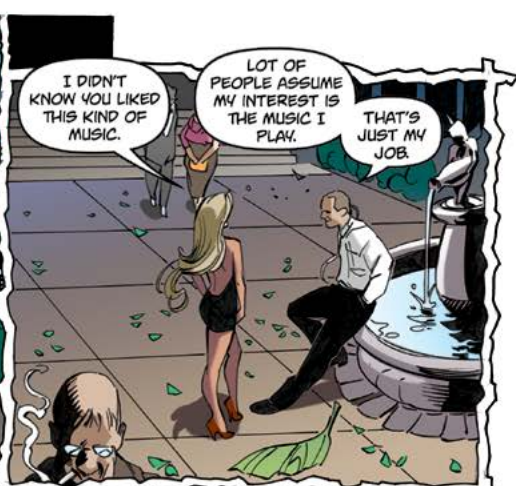
YOU HAVE A TAB?

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, BEAUTIFUL?

SHUT UP.

BABE, THE D.J.'S TAKING REQUESTS...







"IT WAS...
INCREDIBLE.
TOO GOOD."

"I FIGURED IT
COULD ONLY BE
DOWNHILL FROM
THERE..."



BUT IT
ONLY GOT
BETTER!

THAT'S
IT FOR ME.
G'NIGHT,
EARL!

SEE YA,
MORTIE!



WHY'S HE
CALL YOU
"EARL"?

EARL'S OUR ONLY
BARTENDER WHOSE
NAME MORTIE EVER
LEARNED.

EARL DOES
THE LUNCH CROWD.
MORTIE'S AVOIDING
GOING HOME
AGAIN.

SO YOU WERE
SAYING...?



"LARRY, I WAS EITHER AT HER
PLACE, OR SHE WAS AT MINE."

IT
WOULD'VE BEEN
NICE TO HAVE YOU
IN THE SHOWER
TOO...

BUT YOU
WERE SLEEPING SO
SWEETLY, ESPECIALLY
AFTER ALL THE HARD
WORK YOU PUT IN
LAST NIGHT.

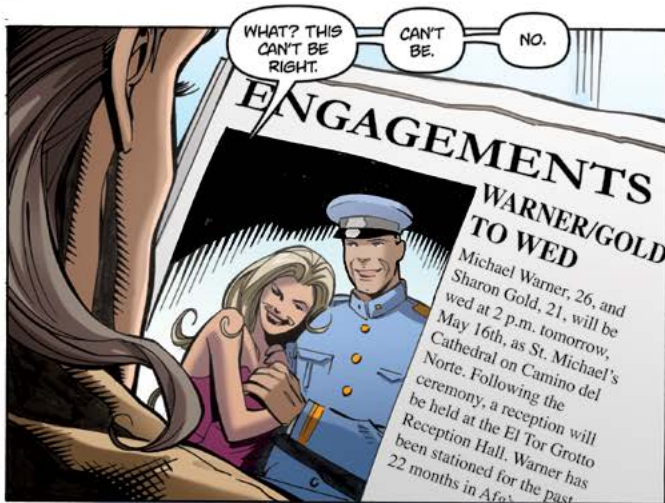
AW,
SHUCKS, MA'AM.
A MAN'S GOTTA
DO WHAT A MAN'S
GOTTA DO...



I PUT
FRESH TOWELS
OUT FOR YOU. IF
YOU NEED HELP
LATHERING UP,
JUST WHISTLE.

YOU DO KNOW
HOW TO WHISTLE,
DON'T YOU? JUST
PUCKER UP AND
BLOW.

"SHE EVEN
QUOTED FROM THE
SAME MOVIES I
DID. I TELL YOU..."



I LIVE IN KANAGAWA, JAPAN



WHEN THE MARCH 11TH EARTHQUAKE HAPPENED I WAS LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE AT HOME. AND EVEN LUCKIER TO BE OUTSIDE OF ANY DANGEROUS AREA.

IT WAS LIKE EVERYTHING WAS FROZEN, TRAINS STOPPED, PHONES OUT, PEOPLE ON THE STREET WALKING HOME AND NEWS LIVE FEEDING ANYTHING

I'M FROM CANADA, WE DON'T GET EARTHQUAKES.



NEEDLESS TO SAY, IT WAS THE MOST TERRIFYING EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE.

FOREIGNERS FLED, JAPANESE HOUSEWIVES FEAR-BUGHT EVERYTHING. THE FIRST WEEK, IT WAS SERIOUSLY CRAZY.



CANNED AND DRY GOODS WERE GONE BUT FRESH THINGS WERE LEFT. THE FEAR OF RADIATION SCARING EVERYONE FROM THEM. BY THE SECOND WEEK IT WAS LIKE THE QUAKE WAS FORGOTTEN AND INSTEAD EVERYONE'S EYES WERE TURNED TOWARDS THE FUKUSHIMA REACTOR.



I STAYED, AND THINGS RETURNED TO NORMAL... I DID REGULAR THINGS, LIKE GOING TO THE PARK WITH FRIENDS.



I WENT TO A WEDDING, EVEN THOUGH IT WAS AN INTERNATIONAL COUPLE I WAS THE ONLY FOREIGNER TO SHOW.



THANK GOODNESS THE OTHER GUESTS SPOKE ENGLISH

EVEN HELPED MY FRIEND MOVE TAKING THE LAST TRAIN POSSIBLE TO BOOT.



I FELT GUILTY FOR A LONG TIME, PEOPLE WERE SO GRATEFUL THAT I HADN'T LEFT, THAT I SHOWED UP FOR WORK WITH A SMILE AND A HOPEFUL ATTITUDE. SOMETIMES THAT'S ALL YOU CAN DO...



BE THE LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS, MAKE USE OF YOUR BLESSINGS. DRAW COMICS HELP FRIENDS BE KIND MAKE THOSE AROUND YOU HAPPY. *LIVE* YOU MAY NOT DONATE A MILLION DOLLARS, OR SAVE A THOUSAND LIVES, BUT EVERY SMILE COUNTS.

Spring is here... I think we're going to be okay. 12h12: 12h12h. 12h12: 12h12h. you all are my inspiration



JOHNNY SATURN

BY SCOTT AND BENITA STORY

ELEVEN THOUSAND YEARS AGO, WHEN THE ICE AGE WAS ENDING, THE ATLANTEAN ELDERS KNEW THAT ATLANTIS WOULD NOT SURVIVE THE COMING EARTH CHANGES.

THEY HAD SEEN THIS BEFORE, WHEN THEIR HYPERBOREAN ANCESTORS WATCHED ULTIMA THULE DISAPPEAR FOREVER.

WHILE IT WAS TOO LATE FOR THE ATLANTEANS THEMSELVES, THEY ALSO INCLUDED THE KEYS FOR PEOPLES OF THE FUTURE TO SAVE THE PLANET, TO REBOOT THE WORLD AND SAVE IT FROM ALL THE DAMAGE MAN HAD DONE TO IT. ATLANTIS WOULD PERISH, BUT NOT MOTHER EARTH.



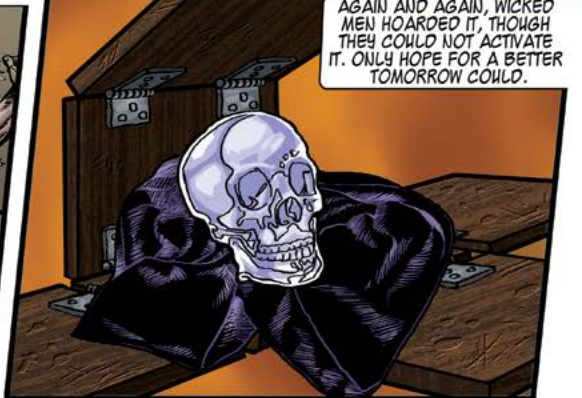
THE ELDERS CLING TO THE HOPE THAT THEY COULD SAVE THEIR PEOPLES' ACHIEVEMENTS, CULTURE, AND TECHNOLOGY,

SO A CRYSTAL SKULL WAS FASHIONED AS A REPOSITORY FOR ALL THEIR WISDOM AND SCIENCE.

SEALED WITHIN ITS HEAVY CASE, THE CRYSTAL SKULL SURVIVED THE CATAclySM AND PASSED DOWN THROUGH TIME.



AGAIN AND AGAIN, WICKED MEN HOARDED IT, THOUGH THEY COULD NOT ACTIVATE IT. ONLY HOPE FOR A BETTER TOMORROW COULD.



THE CRYSTAL SKULL PASSED FROM THE HANDS OF ONE VILLAIN TO ANOTHER, BUT THEIR GREED AND AMBITION COULD NEVER ACTIVATE THE SKULL'S POWERS.



THE NATIONAL SOCIALIST GERMAN WORKERS' PARTY, OFTEN CALLED THE NAZI PARTY, COLLECTED MYSTICAL ARTIFACTS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD, SEEKING AN OCCULT ADVANTAGE IN THE COMING WORLD WAR. THUS, THE SKULL CAME INTO THEIR POSSESSION.

IN 1945, AS THE WAR NEARED ITS END, A HERO MARCHING UNDER THE SYMBOL OF SATURN ATTEMPTED TO LIBERATE THE CRYSTAL SKULL.



TERRIBLY WOUNDED AND DISCHARGED FROM THE MILITARY, THE SATURN AVENGER RETURNED TO HIS HOME IN SPIRE CITY U.S.A.

OBSESSED WITH JUSTICE THAT HAD BEEN DENIED HIM, THE SATURN AVENGER BECAME SPIRE CITY'S DEFENDOR, PROTECTING THE INNOCENT, AND PUNISHING THE GUILTY.

HE HAD BECOME JUDGE, JURY, AND SOMETIMES EXECUTIONER, PART OF A NEW BREED OF VIGILANTE CALLED MYSTERY MEN.



AS FATE (OR THE SKULL ITSELF) WOULD HAVE IT, ITS VILLAINOUS OWNER CAME TO SPIRE CITY AS WELL.



WORLD WAR II WAS OVER, AND THE SOVIET UNION AND THE U.S.A. HAD DIVIDED UP THE CAPTURED NAZI SCIENTISTS.

THE UNITED STATES RELOCATED HALF OF THESE TO AMERICA IN AN OPERATION CALLED "PROJECT PAPERCLIP." NOW FUNDED BY THE GOVERNMENT, DR. WISSENSCHAFT, THE SKULL'S KEEPER AND SATURN'S ARCHENEMY, WAS ABLE TO SET UP SHOP IN THE AMERICAN HEARTLAND.



SATURN NEVER ABANDONED HOPE THAT HE COULD CAPTURE THE SKULL AND SAVE THE WORLD.



HE CAME CLOSE AGAIN AND AGAIN, BUT THE SKULL ELUDED HIM, AND THE BATTLE WENT ON.



THE MEN OR WOMEN BEHIND THE MASK CHANGED



BUT IT WAS ALWAYS SATURN WHO PURSUED THE SKULL AND KEPT THE HOPE ALIVE.



FINALLY, LIKE GALAHAD AND THE GRAIL, SATURN PERSEVERED AND CAPTURED THE CRYSTAL SKULL.



WHILE IT HAD RESISTED THE TOUCH OF A LONG LINE OF VILLAINS, IT ACTIVATED IN SATURN'S HANDS.

THE SKULL RESTORED MOTHER EARTH, AND IT RAISED UP ALL OF HUMANITY WITH ITS ATLANTEAN WISDOM.

GUIDED BY JOHNNY SATURN, HUMANITY AT LAST TOOK ITS PLACE AMONG THE ASCENDED INHABITANTS OF THE UNIVERSE.

HOPE HAD FUELED SATURN IN HIS LONG, BITTER QUEST, AND HOPE HAD SAVED THE WORLD.

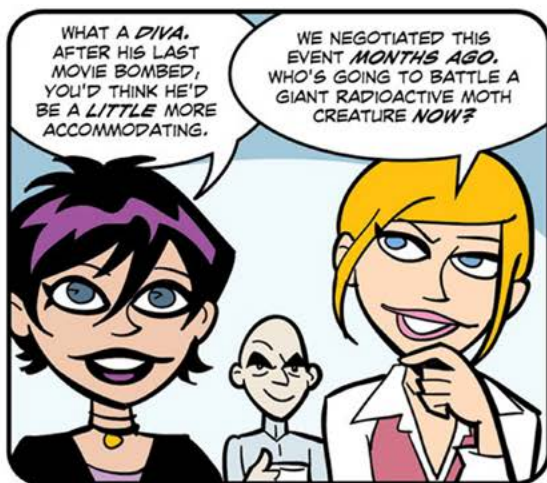
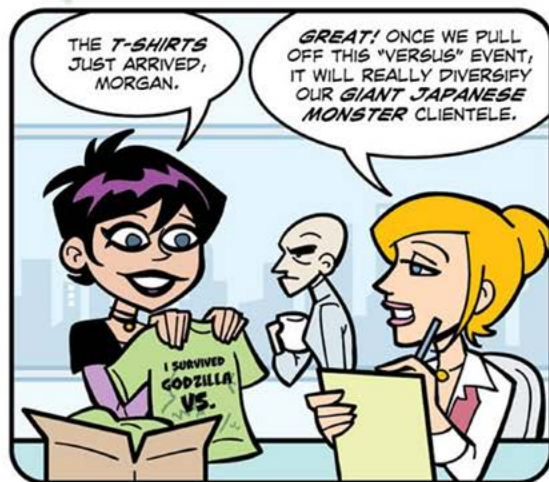


THE END.



Godzilla Vs. The Hero Business

by Bill Walko





BRAND



LITTLE KIDS
SEE MONSTERS.

"YEAH... I
DID. HEH."

THEN KIDS GET A LITTLE
OLDER. THEY STOP
SEEING MONSTERS.



"NO, NOT ALL OF
US... NOT ME.
GOD HELP ME."

MOST KIDS,
THAT IS.



NOT LESTER
BENSINK.
HE NEVER
STOPPED
SEEING
MONSTERS.



"YOU GOT THAT RIGHT.
YOU ONE OF 'EMP YOU...
THAT VOICE THAT KEEPS
TALKING ABOUT ME!"

LESTER GREW OLDER. HE COULD STILL SEE THEM. BETTER. HE HAD AN INCREASING TALENT.

LESSS--TER...
PLEASSSSANT
EVENING...

AND HE COULD HEAR THEM, HEAR THEM ALL THE TIME. HE HEARD THEM WHEN HE WAS AWAKE.

HE HEARD THEM WHEN HE COULD DESCEND INTO FITFUL SLEEP THAT BROUGHT NO REST.

THEY CHOKES ON THE BONES OF THE DAY. DIVIDED DEVILS AND HIGHWAY AND THROAT CULTURE. ESCAPE!

NAUGHTY IS AS NAUGHTY DOES. HI-LO, JACK AND THE GAME. CANNOT BE BAD, GEE BAD, SAY BAD, WHY BAD ...

I BLEED AND CRY AND BLEED AND CRY AND BLEED. BLOOD MY TEARS, WET MY PAIN.

SING WITH ME AND MORMO HECAE NAAMAH BE MY FRIEND! MELEKTAUS' SHEYO L'EL

TRAPHELDIT, CIMERIES BAPHOMENT, BAALOZYABOTH

!!!!!! PHTT--PHTT--

"I THOUGHT MAYBE BOOZE. MAYBE DULL IT OUT, BLOT IT ALL OUT..."

SO, HOW'S IT GOIN', BUDDY, JOLLY CHUM, PAL O' MINE? WHUZZA HAPS, HUM? HOO-HAH, I'M YORE HUCKLEBERRY! YASSUH!

SOMETIMES THEY MADE HIM DO THINGS, MADE HIM HURT HIMSELF. THEY WANTED TO PUNISH HIM BECAUSE HE KNEW THEY EXISTED, KNEW THEY HAD THEIR OWN WORLDS AND WANTED OURS.

"I DON'T KNOW HOW I KNEW THAT, BUT I KNEW. MAYBE GOD TOLD ME."

"THEN ONE DAY, I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND."

DARCHON
MONTHLY MYSTERY

MODERN MAN THINKS HE HAS
DISCOVERED MUCH OF HOW
THE UNIVERSE WORKS...HE
IS DEAD WRONG. ONE MAN
STANDS BETWEEN OUR WORLD
AND THE INFINITE HORDE OF
SUPERNATURAL PERILS THAT
THREATEN TO CONSUME IT!
HIS NAME IS DARCHON
BLAQUE, AND HE IS HERE
TO SAVE US...

DARCHON MONTHLY
MYSTERY MAGAZINE
VOLUME 7, ISSUE 86

DARCHON

THY FRIENDSHIP OFT
HAS MADE MY HEART TO
ACHE; DO BE MY ENEMY-
FOR FRIENDSHIP'S SAKE.
--WILLIAM BLAKE

THE FRIEND OF DARCHON BLAQUE

CREATED BY BENNY POWELL

MORT CASTLE
AUTHOR

RICARDO JAIME
ILLUSTRATOR

MARLON ILAGAN
COLORIST

ZACH MATHENY
LETTERER

BRIAN AUGUSTYN & DAVID LAWRENCE
EDITORS



I AM ASH-BELOTH,
THE HIGH GOD OF
DEPRAVITIES. YOU COME
AGAIN, DARCHON
BLAQUE!

THIS TIME,
ANCIENT ENEMY, I
WILL DESTROY
YOU!

"HIS NAME
WAS DARCHON...
DARCHON BLAQUE.
AND HE WAS..."


"HE WAS..."



"AWESOME!"



I THINK
NOT.



GRAHHR---

BY THE
DEPRAVITIES
OF MORMO!
SHELYO'LEL!
BAALOZYABOTH!

DARCHON CALLED FORTH THE VAST RESOURCES
OF THE PSYCHIC FORCES HE HAD
GATHERED ON HIS CEASELESS JOURNEYS.

DARCHON SUMMONED HIS WILL. HE CALLED UPON
THAT WHICH WAS WITHIN AND THAT WHICH WAS WITHOUT.
HIS ONLY CHANCE. HIS MOST POWERFUL WEAPON.

SSZZZZZZ

THE
DARCHNESS
BLAST!

I DIE!
I DIE!

ZAAZZZST

DARCHON TOOK A DEEP BREATH. HE GATHERED HIS STRENGTH. SOON, HE WOULD SLIP THROUGH THE THREE MYSTIC BARRIERS AND FLY ABOVE THE SHIMMERING PYRAMIDS AND PLANES OF ENTROPY...

HE WOULD GO...HOME.
HE WOULD SLEEP, AND THE
WORLD COULD SLEEP.

FOR NOW.





"FOOD'S OKAY HERE. THERE ARE NO BONES IN THE CHICKEN. IT'S ORANGE. HEH... I DON'T LIKE BONES."



"I'M DIFFERENT FROM OTHER PEOPLE. I DON'T GET HUNGRY MUCH."



"WHAT IT IS, THOUGH... THIS IS HOW I GET MY MESSAGES..."



SSS
KRINK
SSSH



"IT'S A SECRET METHOD... MY FRIEND DARCHON... HEH."



"IT'S HOW DARCHON SENDS ME... MESSAGES!"

YOU HAVE VISION AND PATIENCE.
YOU WILL SOON RECEIVE IMPORTANT
NEWS. YOUR LUCKY NUMBER IS 7.

"SUN'S GOING DOWN. THE CITY IS GETTING COLD. THE SUN NEVER GETS COLD...IT'S WEIRD. NOT EVEN IN WINTER."



THIS IS IT...THIS IS THE BENCH, HEH. NUMBER SEVEN...



I'M HERE, DARCHON. I AM HERE.



I'M WAITING... DARCHON. MY FRIEND...




AND LESTER BENSINK WAITS. HE HAS PATIENCE. HE HAS VISION. HE HAS SOMEONE WHO DEPENDS ON HIM.

AND HE REMEMBERS...


HOW HE BECAME THE FRIEND OF DARCHON BLAQUE...





DARCHON BLAQUE WAS AN OCCULT DETECTIVE, WHAT WE WOULD NOW CALL A "PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR."

HE POSSESSED THE KNOWLEDGE AND POWERS OF A MASTER SORCERER.



SOMETIMES DARCHON BLAQUE FOUGHT HUMAN OR SUB-HUMAN MENACES ON OUR PLANET.

BUT MANY OF DARCHON'S GREATEST BATTLES WERE FOUGHT IN REALMS BEYOND STRANGE AND EVER SO ALIEN...AS OUR CHAMPION PROTECTED MANKIND FROM ALL MANNER OF SUPERNATURAL EVIL!!



WITH HIS TRUSTED FRIENDS HIRO IKEMOTO, MASTER OF JIU-JITSU AND OTHER DEADLY ORIENTAL COMBAT TECHNIQUES, AND ELENA RUTSMAN, ESTONIAN BORN SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE DEMONIC ATTACK THAT KILLED HER MOTHER, FATHER, AND BROTHER--

DARCHON BLAQUE FIGHTS A NEVER-ENDING BATTLE AGAINST DEMONS FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL AND HORRORS BEYOND IMAGINING!

DARCHON
MONTHLY MYSTERY



DARCHON MONTHLY MYSTERY WAS PUBLISHED FROM 1931 UNTIL 1949. EVERY COVER WAS PAINTED BY BEN SINK.

"THAT MAGAZINE CAME IN THE MAIL. NEVER GOT MAIL..."

"WAS IN ONE OF THOSE PLACES... WANTED TO POISON MY BRAIN. MEDICINE THEY CALLED IT."

"WON'T SEE MONSTERS... THEY SAID."

"FOOLED 'EM. HEH... DID NOT TAKE IT! NO MEDICINE..."

"FOUR DAYS LATER... MAYBE FIVE DAYS. NOT GOOD ABOUT NUMBERS. OR DAYS. HEH..."

...LESTER BENSINK!

WHA...?

WHO ARE YOU?

I AM... DARCHON BLAQUE! I NEED YOUR HELP.

I AM YOUR FRIEND.

"USED GOVERNMENT CHECK... TO SET UP. DARCHON TOLD HOW TO FIND WHAT WE NEEDED... BOUGHT SOME... HEH. STOLE SOME..."

♪ THERE'S A HELLHOUND ON MY TRAIL... ♪

ROGER. DUAL COORDINATES. TRANSLATERAL SLIPTHROUGH POINT... ZERO PREDICT...

"TOLD DARCHON... WHEN THERE WERE MONSTERS. WHERE MONSTERS. MET DARCHON. SECRET PLACES. WE FOUGHT MONSTERS. WE FIGHT MONSTERS!"

"WE DESTROY MONSTERS. HEH... DARCHON AND ME."

"ME AND MY FRIEND."



"THEY WERE THERE... MONSTERS. CLOSING IN."

LEGGGG---TER...
PLEASSSSSSSS-ANT
EVENING...

BURN EYES UP
BURNEMUP
BURNEMUP...

WHERE IS DARCHON,
LESTER? WHERE IS
YOUR FRIEND?

HA HA HA...

HABORM!
ADramelech!
KALI! HABORM!
SPEW AND SLAY!
ADramelech! KALI!

KILL!
KILL!
KILL!



EAT HIS
GUTS!

AHH!
OH...
GOD!!!



LEGGGG---TER...
PLEASSSSSSSS-ANT
EVENING...

WHERE IS
DARCHON?

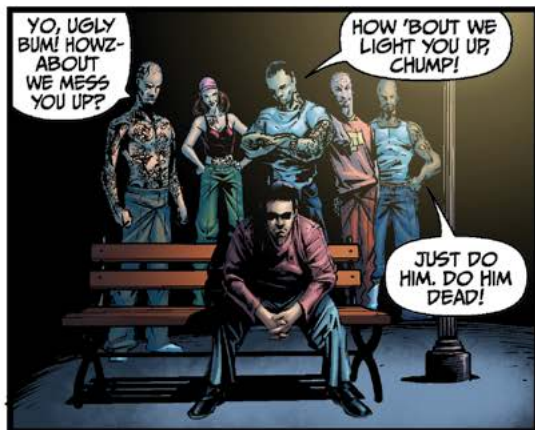
DARCHON!
DARCHON!

KILL!
KILL!
KILL!

KILL!
KILL!
KILL!



UH...



YO, UGLY
BUM! HOWZ-
ABOUT
WE MESS
YOU UP?

HOW 'BOUT WE
LIGHT YOU UP,
CHUMP!

JUST DO
HIM. DO HIM
DEAD!



KILL!

AHH!
OH...
GOD!!!

WHOMP!



THAT'S
HOW!
THAT'S
IT.

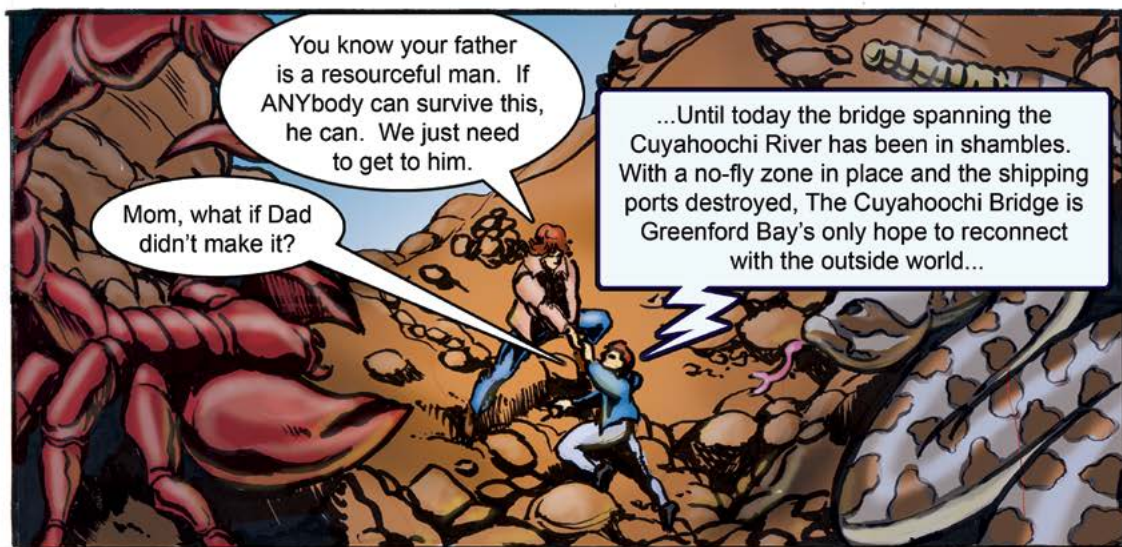
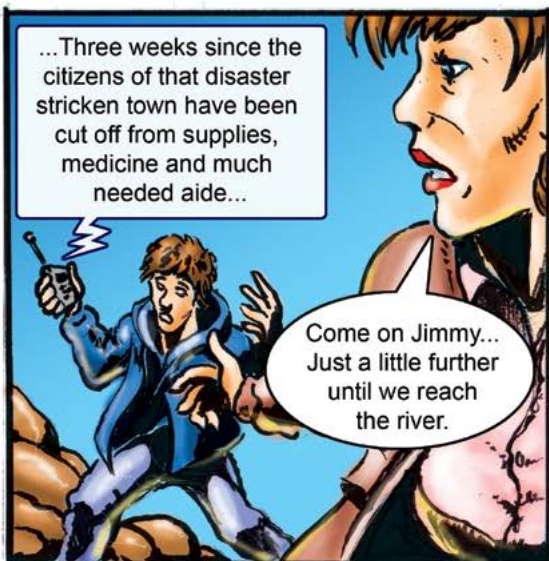
LIKE IT?
JUST DIE,
OKAY?!?

KILL!



UH...

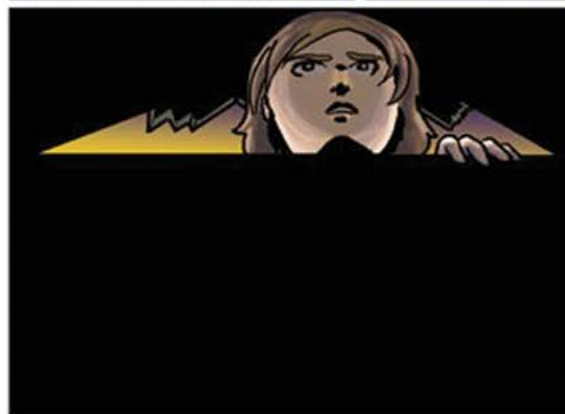






THE END



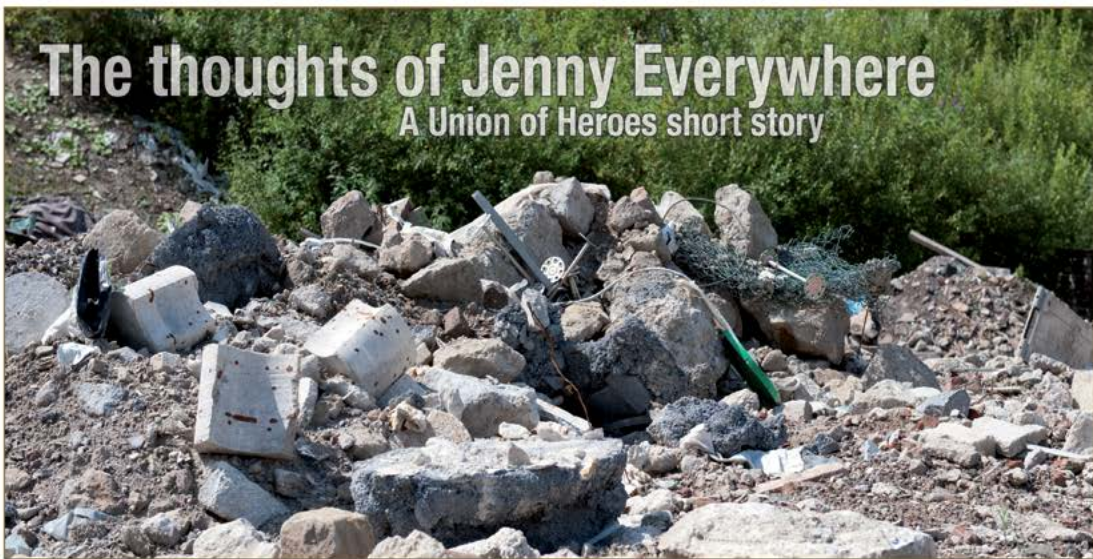






The thoughts of Jenny Everywhere

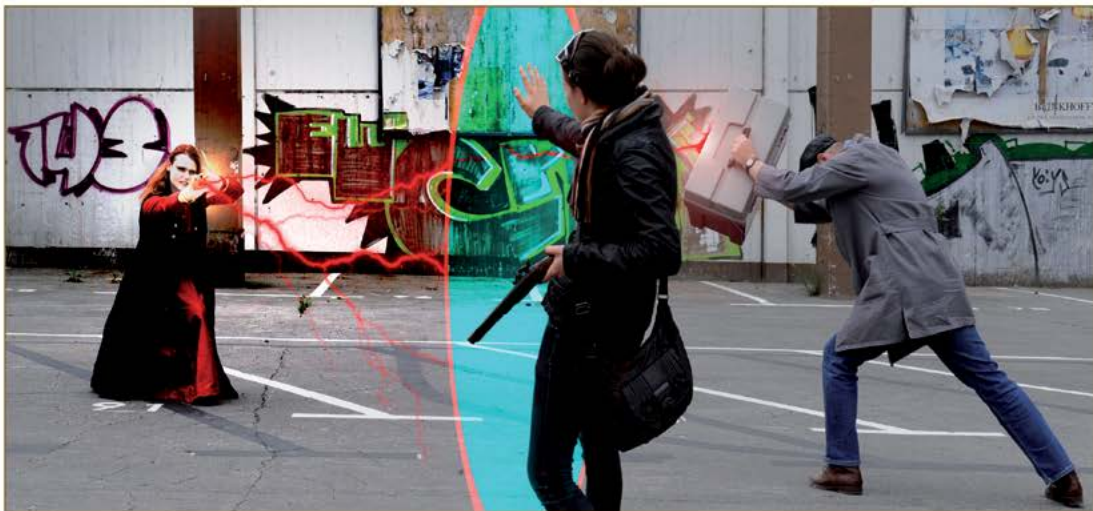
A Union of Heroes short story



I am Jenny Everywhere. I exist simultaneously in every possible reality, in every possible universe – even in some impossible once...



During my life as a superhero I have fought Evil in dozens of forms and witnessed uncountable catastrophes and tragedies...



In doing so I have learned two things. First: Disasters happen. And I cannot prevent all of them. Nobody can.



Second and much more important: To help somebody after such a disaster – you don't need superpowers! You only need your will to do so.



And when you actually do help someone, you become their personal hero! The more people understand this – and start to help – the better!



The character of Jenny Everywhere is available for use by anyone, with the condition that this paragraph must be included in any publication involving Jenny Everywhere, in order that others may use this property as they wish. All rights reserved.

ONE STEP TO THE LEFT OF REALITY IS A PLACE BEST DESCRIBED AS ELSEWHERE.

FOR MOST IT IS A PLACE THAT IS VIRTUALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO LOCATE.

FOR OTHERS IT IS PAINFULLY EASY TO FIND.

MANY DWELL HERE, YET NONE ARE BORN TO THIS PLACE...

EVERYWHERE ONE LOOKS, MIRTH AND MERRIMENT CAN BE FOUND.

BUT, THERE CAN BE A DARKNESS WHICH LIES BELOW THE SURFACE. IT CAN BE FOUND IN THE HEART OF A YOUNG GIRL WHO ONCE FELT THE STING OF A PARENT'S HAND AND HARSH WORDS.

SHE BELIEVED SHE WOULD DROWN BENEATH A WAVE OF ANGER, UNTIL THE DAY SHE WENT FROM THERE TO ELSEWHERE.

LIKE ALICE AND THE LOOKING GLASS, SHE NO LONGER RECOGNIZES THE PERSON REFLECTED THEREIN.

NO, DON'T...



SHADOW CHILDREN

CHILD'S PLAY

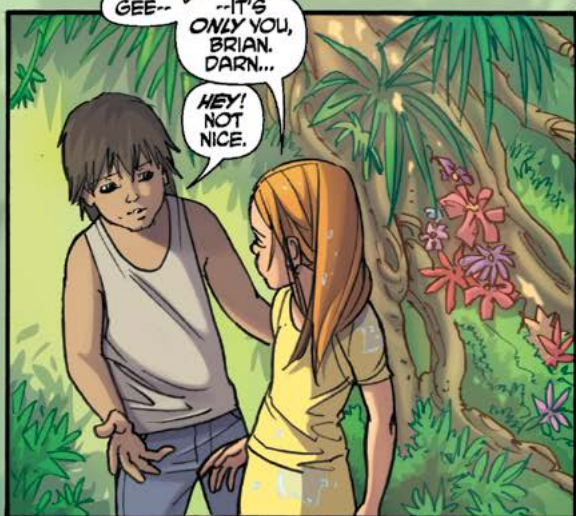
CREATOR/STORY - KEVIN JUAIRE ART - VINCENZO CUCCA COLOR - MARIACRISTINA FEDERICO
LETTERS - ZACH MATHENY EDITORS - BRIAN AUGUSTYN AND DAVID LAWRENCE CHARACTER DESIGN - ANTHONY TAN





GUESS WHO?

IS IT THE MOST HANDSOME BOY IN THE ENTIRE WORLD?



GEE--

--IT'S ONLY YOU, BRIAN. DARN...

HEY! NOT NICE.

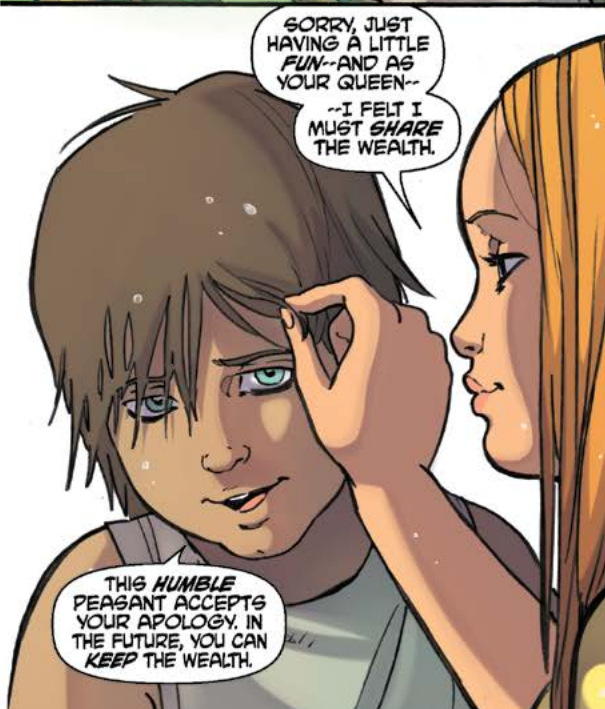


SO SORRY--

--LET ME HELP WASH AWAY THAT FROWN.

WHOA--

--WHEN DID YOU BECOME THE QUEEN OF MEAN?



SORRY, JUST HAVING A LITTLE FUN--AND AS YOUR QUEEN--

--I FELT I MUST SHARE THE WEALTH.

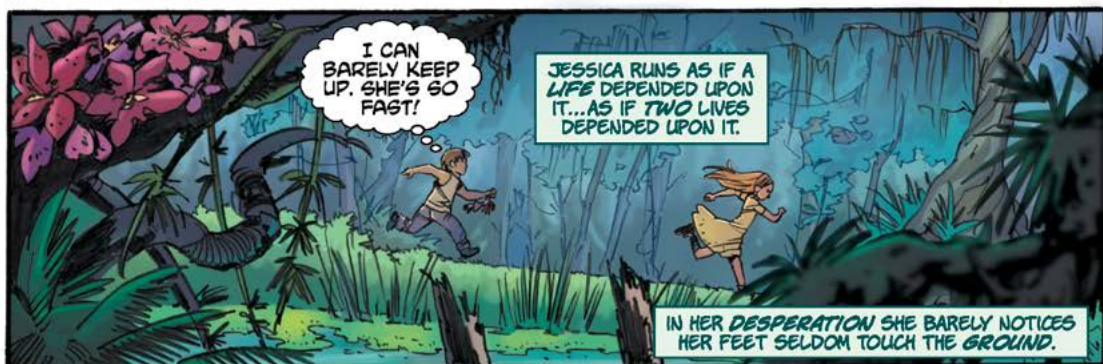
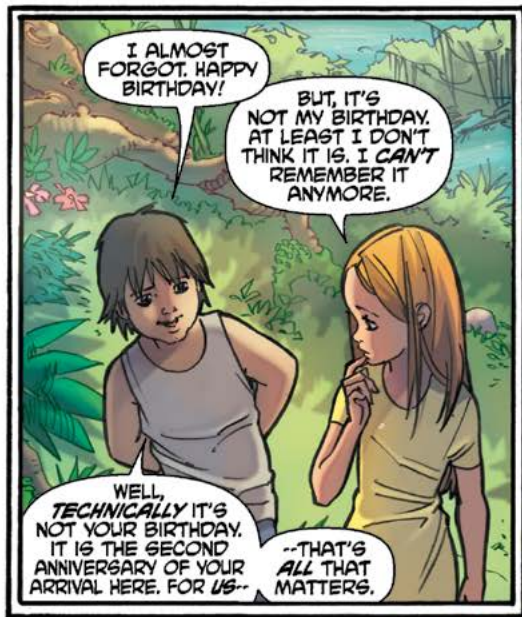
THIS HUMBLE PEASANT ACCEPTS YOUR APOLOGY. IN THE FUTURE, YOU CAN KEEP THE WEALTH.

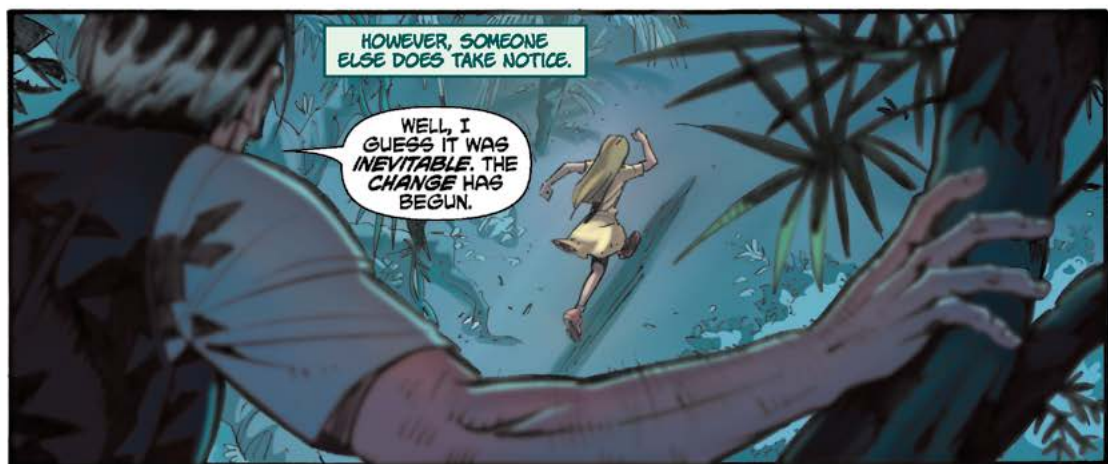


BRIAN, DID YOU EVER WONDER WHERE CECIL GOES? THAT POND CAN'T BE BIG ENOUGH FOR HIM. NOT THAT ANYTHING HERE EVER MAKES ANY SENSE...

I DON'T KNOW. I'LL BET WHEREVER IT IS, HE'S SCARING THE HECK OUT OF SOME PEOPLE--

--OR LICKING THEM TO DEATH.







OWWW! EASY, JESS...
I'M YOUR FRIEND
REMEMBER?

I'M SORRY.
I'M SORRY.
I'M SORRY.

WHAT IS
HAPPENING
TO ME? I'M
SCARED!



DON'T
WORRY, I'VE
BEEN BIT BY
WORSE--

--MUCH
WORSE.

I **THOUGHT**
BRIAN WAS
MY FRIEND,
BUT HE--

--THREW
EMILY
AWAY.



NOT TO WORRY.
I **KNEW** HOW
MUCH SHE MEANT
TO YOU. LOOK, I
SAVED HER.

SNIFF
SNIFF

OH EMILY!
YOU'RE
OKAY!

WHAT IF SHE'S
AFRAID OF ME,
LONDON? WHY HAVE I
CHANGED? I FEEL
STRANGE.



DON'T WORRY. EMILY WILL
ALWAYS BE YOUR FRIEND.
AS WILL I. AND YOU **WILL** BE
JUST **FINE**. YOU'RE JUST
SPECIAL--

--LIKE **ALL**
THE CHILDREN
HERE.

OH, THANK
YOU. I ALWAYS
KNEW **YOU** WOULD
NEVER LET ANYTHING
BAD HAPPEN
TO ME.



IS BRIAN
SPECIAL
TOO?

YES, VERY
MUCH SO.

WELL,
YOU **TELL** HIM
HE CAN BE SPECIAL
BY **HIMSELF**! ME AND
EMILY **DON'T** NEED
HIM AROUND.



STAY AWAY FROM HER! JESSICA IS MY GIRL FRIEND. YOU CAN'T HAVE HER...

THWACK



BRIAN, CALM DOWN. SHE'S JUST A CHILD. I WOULD NEVER--



--TOUCH A CHILD? RIGHT. GROWNUPS NEVER DO THAT. DO THEY?



YOU CAN'T TAKE HER AWAY FROM ME! I WON'T LET YOU--

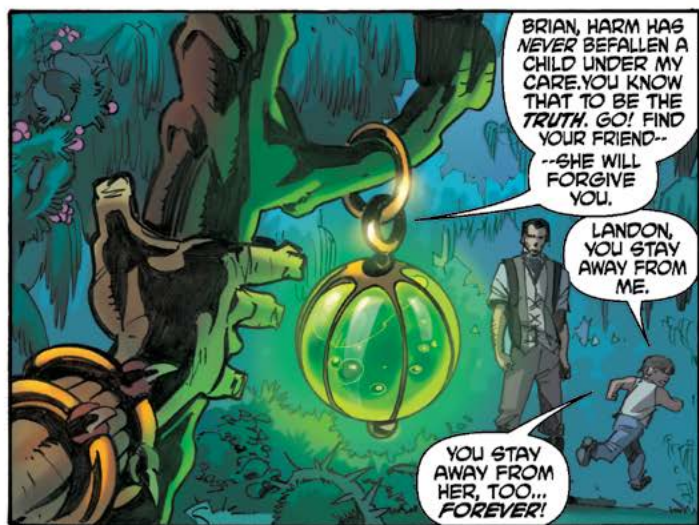
--OR ANYONE TAKE JESSICA AWAY.

BRIAN, STOP! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU.

I'M NOT SURE I DON'T END UP ON THE LOSING END OF THIS BATTLE. HE'S GOTTEN SO POWERFUL.



STOP! THERE WILL BE NO MORE OF THIS.



BRIAN, HARM HAS NEVER BEFALLEN A CHILD UNDER MY CARE. YOU KNOW THAT TO BE THE TRUTH. GO! FIND YOUR FRIEND--

--SHE WILL FORGIVE YOU.

LONDON, YOU STAY AWAY FROM ME.

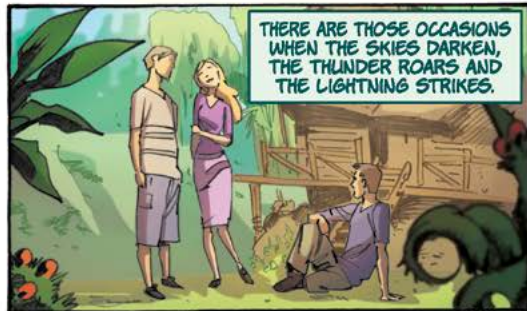
YOU STAY AWAY FROM HER, TOO... FOREVER!



THEY HAVE BOTH PROGRESSED SO QUICKLY. I HAVE CHOSEN WELL. IT IS GOOD THAT THEY HAVE FOUND EACH OTHER. THEY TRULY BELONG HERE.

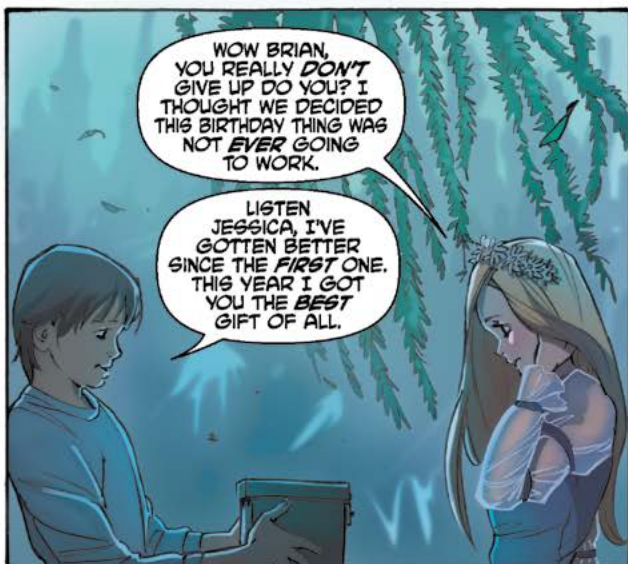
MAYBE, BRIAN--

--BUT, NOT JESSICA. SHE DID NOT HAVE TO BE LOST TO THAT WORLD. YOU TOOK HER HERE, BUT HE WILL BE THE ONE TO KEEP HER TRAPPED.





HAPPY BIRTHDAY!



WOW BRIAN, YOU REALLY *DON'T* GIVE UP DO YOU? I THOUGHT WE DECIDED THIS BIRTHDAY THING WAS NOT *EVER* GOING TO WORK.

LISTEN JESSICA, I'VE GOTTEN BETTER SINCE THE *FIRST* ONE. THIS YEAR I GOT YOU THE *BEST* GIFT OF ALL.



OKAY, THAT'S NICE. THIS IS *DEFINITELY* THE SHINIEST QUARTER I HAVE EVER SEEN.



I DON'T THINK YOU *UNDERSTAND*. THAT IS A *MAGIC* QUARTER.

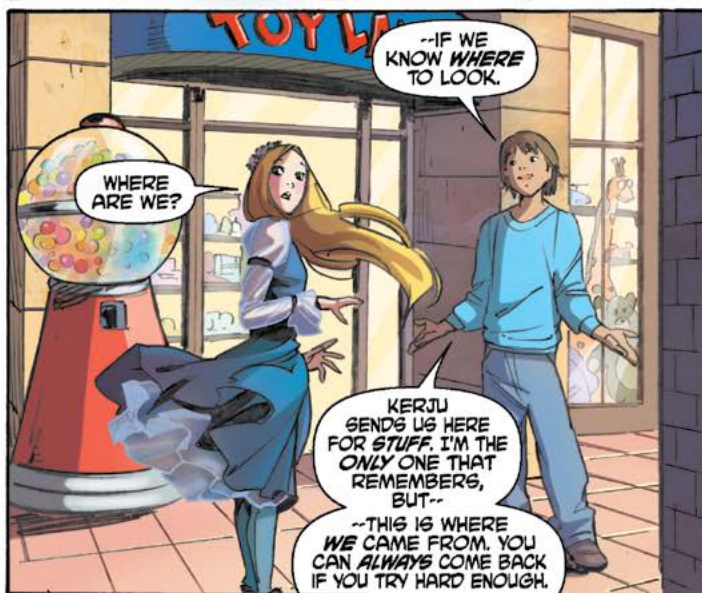
ARE YOU SURE? WHAT IS SO MAGICAL ABOUT IT? LOOKS PRETTY *ORDINARY* TO ME.

YOU *COULD* GET A GUMBALL WITH THAT QUARTER.



BUT WE *DON'T* HAVE A GUMBALL MACHINE...

WE HAVE *WHATEVER* WE WANT--



WHERE ARE WE?

--IF WE KNOW *WHERE* TO LOOK.

KERJU SENDS US HERE FOR *STUFF*. I'M THE *ONLY* ONE THAT REMEMBERS, BUT--

--THIS IS WHERE *WE* CAME FROM. YOU CAN *ALWAYS* COME BACK IF YOU TRY HARD ENOUGH.

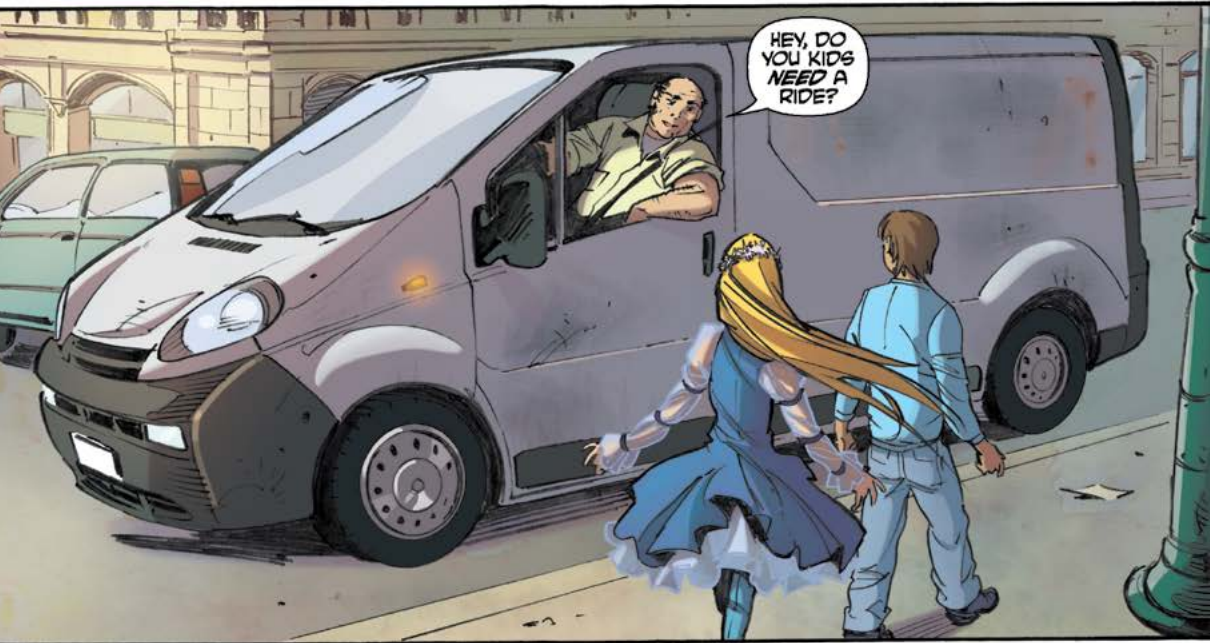
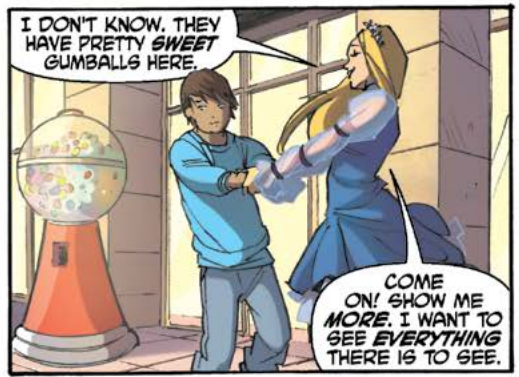


I GOT PURPLE--
--MY FAVORITE COLOR.

PURPLE IS GRAPE FLAVORED.

NO, IT TASTES LIKE *PURPLE*.

WHY DIDN'T HE *EVER* ASK ME TO GET HIM THINGS?





--THEY WILL
PROTECT
THEMSELVES.



THEY ARE
THE SHADOW
CHILDREN AND
THEY REMEMBER.

PERHAPS IT
WOULD HELP IF I KNEW
WHAT TO PRAY FOR.

KAWATARO-SUJIN,
HEAR YOUR DAUGHTER'S
PRAYER.

A CHANCE,
THAT'S ALL I ASK. TO PROVE
MYSELF WORTHY.

PLEASE...

I, JAE IDANE,
MONGREL, HALF-BREED, GIRL
WITHOUT HONOUR.

IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S
IN MY HEART, SPIRIT OF THE
WATERS, PLEASE, GIVE ME
A SIGN!



MY NEIGHBOURS EARNED THEIR
FESTIVAL. THEY'VE SHED SWEAT
TENDING THE CROPS. YET I'LL
BE INVITED TO JOIN IN
AS IF I'D HELPED.

SOMEHOW
THAT MAKES IT
WORSE.



I'M NO WARRIOR,
PROTECTING NISHIZUMI WITH
NAGINATA AND BOW.

I'M NO TEACHER,
NO BAKER, NO FARMER, NO
LANTERN-MAKER. JUST
A CHILD.

ISN'T IT BAD ENOUGH
I EAT THEIR FOOD, DRINK FROM
THEIR FLASKS, PRAY AT KAWATARO-
SUJIN'S SHRINE?

*At The
Water's Edge*

ART BY JENNY SARGENT
STORY BY ROB HAINES



NISHIZUMI DESERVES
ITS OTSUKIMI FESTIVAL,
BUT I... I DON'T.





KARASU!
SO CLOSE TO
NISHIZUMI?



I SHOULD
RUN BACK TO THE
VILLAGE. THERE'S
NOTHING I CAN
DO ALONE.



AAAAH!
HELP ME!



I'M NO
WARRIOR.

NO SPEAR
PROPS OPEN
MY DOOR.

HEY!

NO SWORD
HANGS FROM
MY BELT.

BUT I
CAN'T JUST
TURN MY BACK
AND LET THIS
HAPPEN!



GET AWAY
FROM HIM,
DEMON!

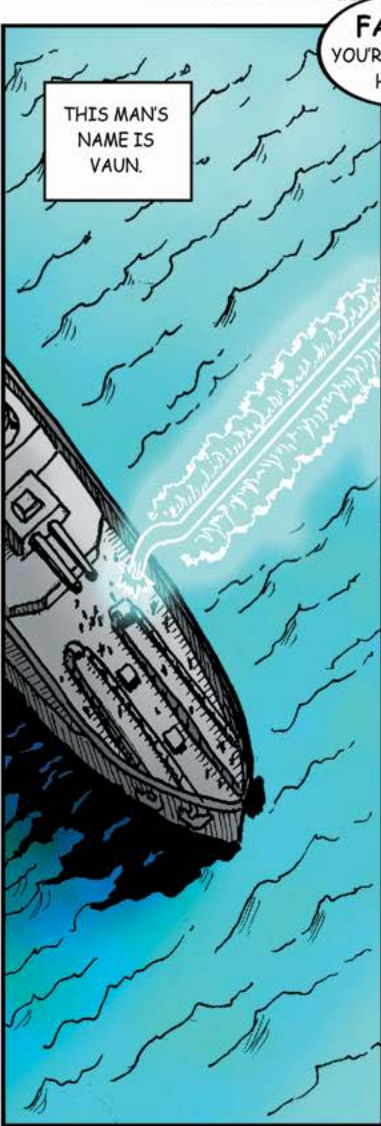
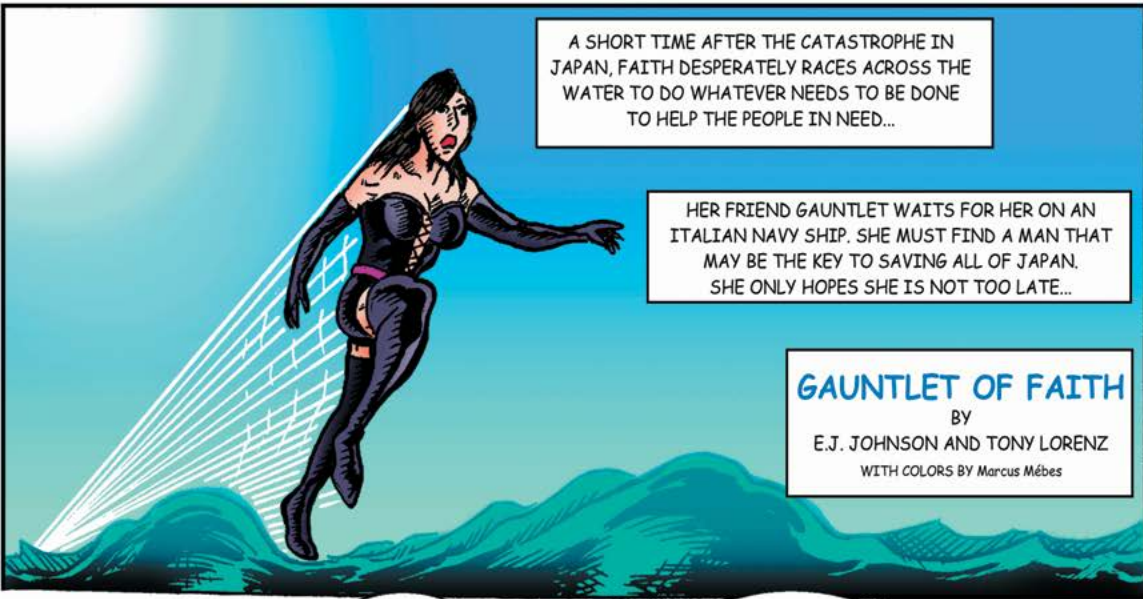




A SHORT TIME AFTER THE CATASTROPHE IN JAPAN, FAITH DESPERATELY RACES ACROSS THE WATER TO DO WHATEVER NEEDS TO BE DONE TO HELP THE PEOPLE IN NEED...

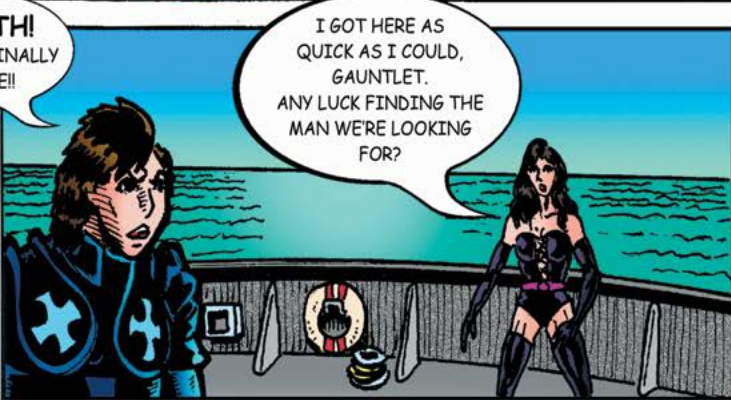
HER FRIEND GAUNTLET WAITS FOR HER ON AN ITALIAN NAVY SHIP. SHE MUST FIND A MAN THAT MAY BE THE KEY TO SAVING ALL OF JAPAN. SHE ONLY HOPES SHE IS NOT TOO LATE...

GAUNTLET OF FAITH
BY
E.J. JOHNSON AND TONY LORENZ
WITH COLORS BY Marcus Mébes



THIS MAN'S NAME IS VAUN.

FAITH!
YOU'RE FINALLY HERE!!



I GOT HERE AS QUICK AS I COULD, GAUNTLET. ANY LUCK FINDING THE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR?

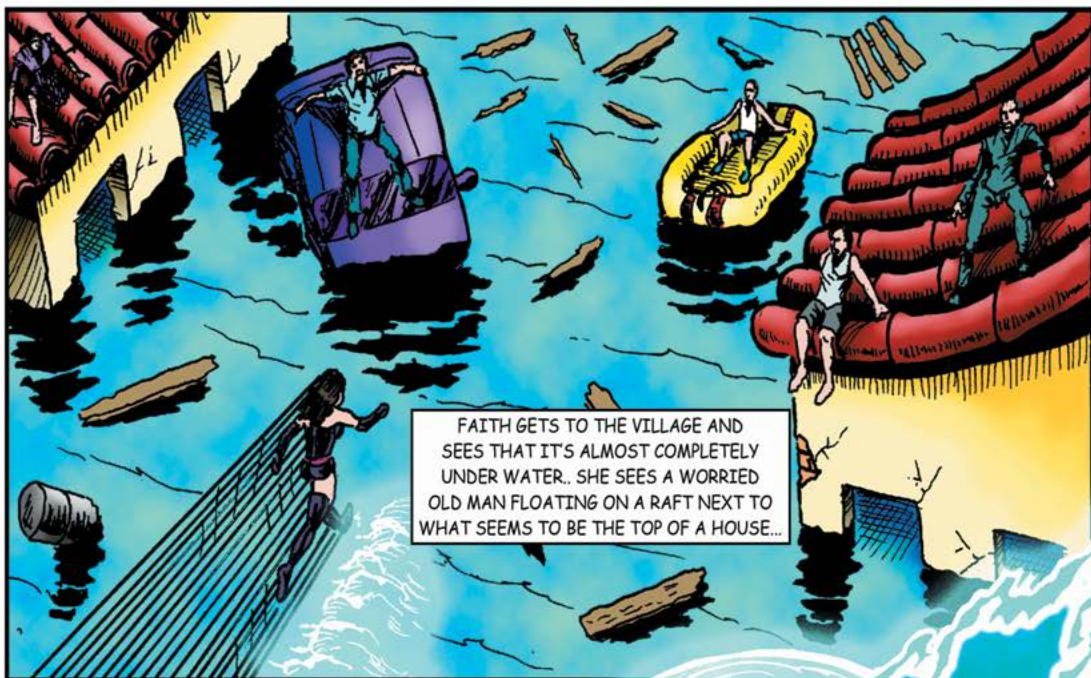


YES! I BELIEVE THAT WE FOUND MR. VAUN... IN A SMALL VILLAGE THAT IS COMPLETELY UNDER WATER. WE'RE NOT SURE IF HE'S STILL ALIVE, SO YOU'RE GOING TO NEED TO HURRY...



I'D BETTER GET MOVING! PRAY THAT I CAN GET THERE IN TIME!





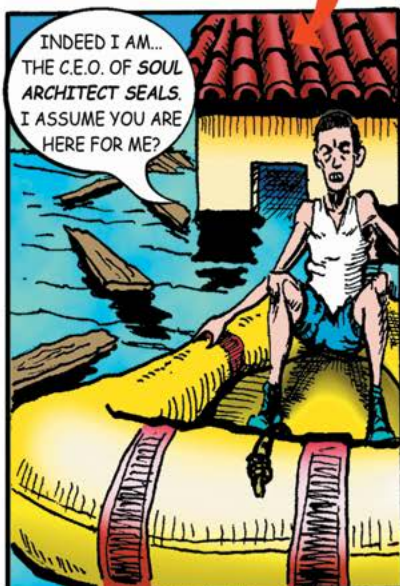
FAITH GETS TO THE VILLAGE AND SEES THAT IT'S ALMOST COMPLETELY UNDER WATER. SHE SEES A WORRIED OLD MAN FLOATING ON A RAFT NEXT TO WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TOP OF A HOUSE...



ARE YOU THE ONE CALLED "VAUN?"



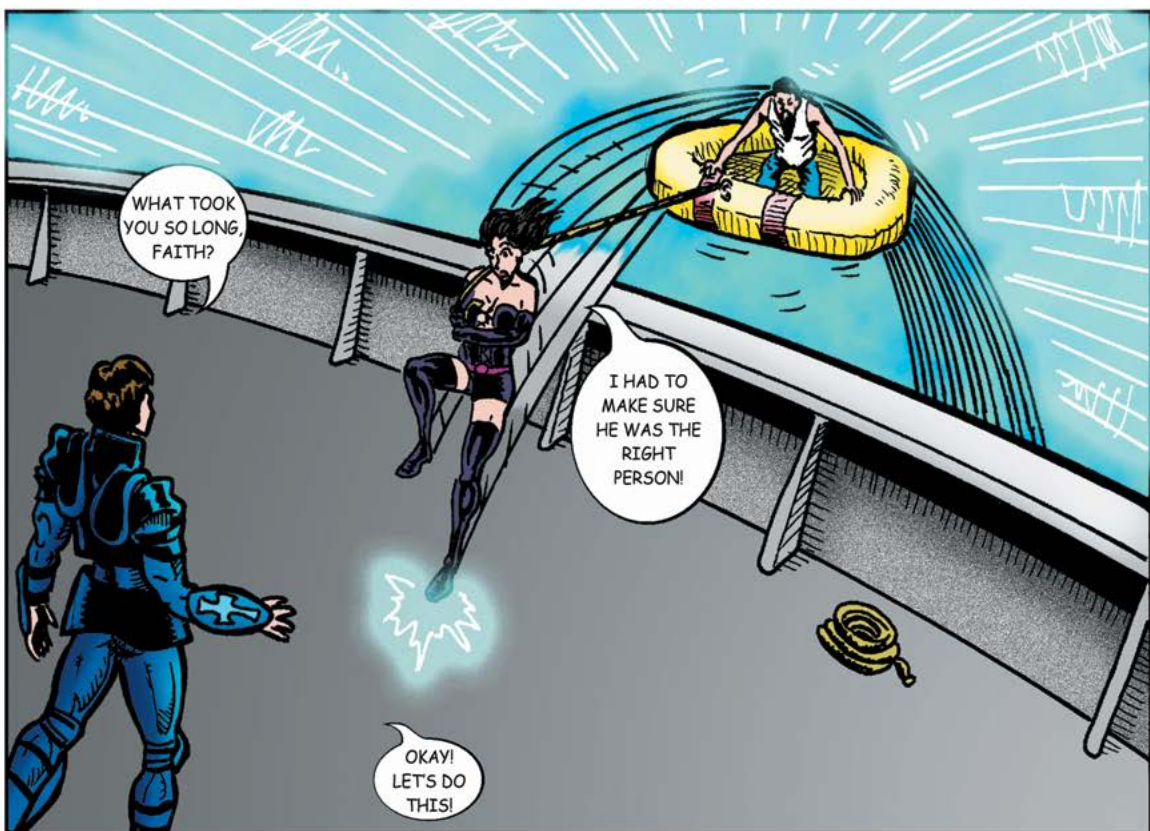
WE HAVE VERY LITTLE TIME. MANY LIVES ARE AT STAKE! BEFORE WE GO, LET'S SEE IF I CAN GET RID OF SOME OF THIS WATER!



INDEED I AM... THE C.E.O. OF SOUL ARCHITECT SEALS. I ASSUME YOU ARE HERE FOR ME?







IN THE GAME WORLD
OF MYSTIC REVOLUTION...

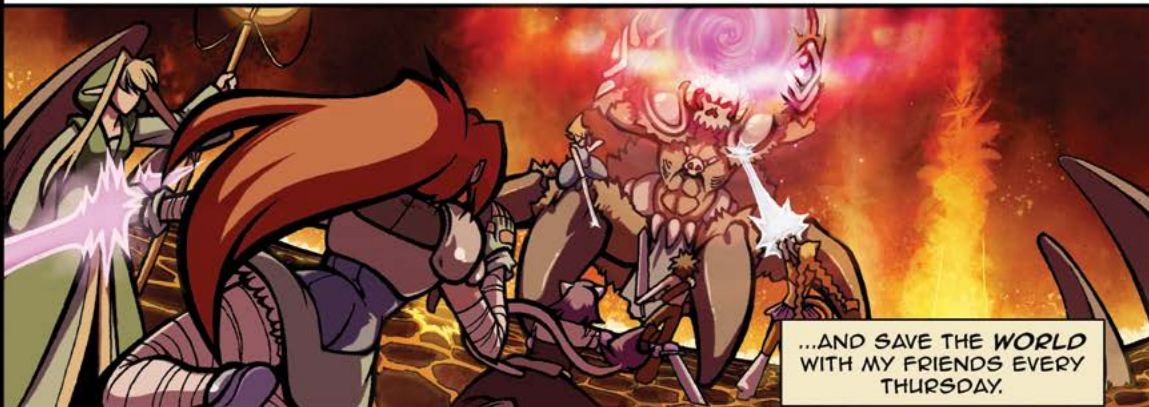


...I CAN FLY.

...I CAN CONTROL
ARCANE FORCES...



TAKE DOWN ENEMIES
3X MY SIZE...



...AND SAVE THE WORLD
WITH MY FRIENDS EVERY
THURSDAY.

BUT ONLY IN THE
REAL WORLD...



...CAN I BE A
HERO.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS, LET ME INTRODUCE
TO YOU LIPTON PARKS NEWEST SUPERHERO

POWERBEAST

My name is
Rick Gervais...

...not the famous
Ricky Gervais, but
this Bo-something (not
really famous) dude...

...whose biggest worry
(right now) is...

...that this hag...

...doesn't miss her bus
to her hag sister in Cardiff.





I was ④ when I met John (ny) Smith. He became my BBF and together we made the hood a better place to live in...

THE FORCE AIN'T WORKING!
WELL, PROBABLY CRABTREE ISN'T AS WEAKMINDED AS I THOUGHT SHE WAS!?

... (well, it was a better place for us two) ...

... for our neighbours the experience was a little bit different.

HAVE YER TWO LOST YOR MARBLES!?

TAKE YOR STEWPID STICKS AND BEAT EACHUWER SENSELESS SOMEWHAR ELSE!

After a few cold ones, Johnny and I thought it would be a great idea to let those good ol' days relive again.

PLEASE, EXPLAIN TO ME AGAIN...

... WHY ARE WE DOIN' THIS ON THE ROOF?

'CAUSE I'M NOT ALLOWED TO MAKE A MESS IN MY MOMS HOUSE!

NUCLEAR WARRIORS

The biggest reason, after all those years, that John's still my BFF is that my friend is the proud owner of a very cool beamer...

...and last year the mayor decided to place his big white office in the hood.



We bring John's Wii to the roof, plug it into his beamer and point that thing towards the side (wall) of the mayor's office.

To complete the set-up, we also bring John's receiver and (enormous) speakers up here and then it's time for

RAMPAGE
TOTAL DESTRUCTION

Oh, before, you think that I take advantage of my good friend, the game's mine!



Alas my pal isn't as well-mannered as yours truly and won't wait until I finish my drink...

WELL, GO AHEAD, YOU CAN DRINK ALL YOU WANT...

ANOTHER ONE!?

...BUT I WON'T WAIT ANOTHER ZIP!

HERE!

TAKE THIS!

...and that impatient piece of... you know what swings his ridiculously long monkey arm against his (very expensive) beamer...

NOOOO!!

...and knocks it and my empty (thank the man upstairs) crate of the roof...

...right onto the balcony of my friendly neighbour Carmen Crabtree!

HEY!?

ARE YER TWO FINISHED WIT ALL THAT RUCKUSS?!

OR DO I 'AVE TER CALL THEM BOBBIES!?

OR ME BOY...

...HE WILL TEACH THE TWO OF YER A LESSON YER WON'T FORGET!!

And Crabz isn't very pleased with us boys doin' some Wii-in' upon the roof and the mess this leaves on her balcony.

After the fat lady sang her tirades she parks her fat ass in her giant sized fat-ass chair, & decide that we've had enough fun and laughter for one day...

BOOOOM

COME ON JOHN, I'VE HAD ENOUGH FUN AND LAUGHTER FOR ONE DAY...

...LET'S GET DOWN AND WATCH STAR WARS OR SOMETHIN'.

...and then...

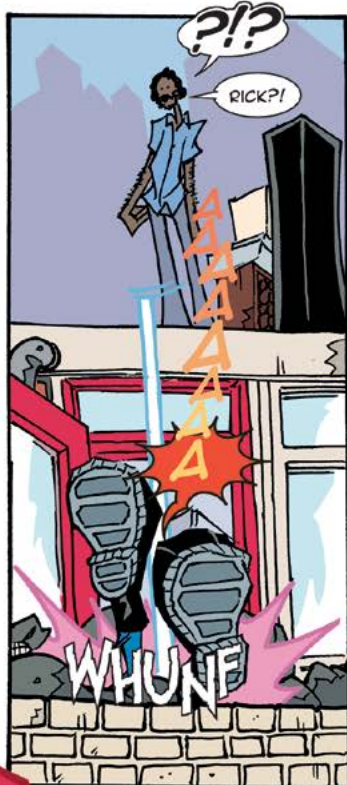
...things go BOOOOM!

DAMN!

Then there's this burst of bright light!

I loose my grip and I (probably) don't have to tell you what happens next?

?!?



?!?

RICK?!

WHUNE

Anyhow, my (good) friend (up there) thinks, me plummeting down, is pretty hilarious...

HAHA

EVERYTHING
OKAY
DOWN
THERE!??

HA
HA



Me!?

Well, let's just say I don't like his sense of humour.

WHY
DON'T YOU COME
DOWN HERE,
BUDDY!

THEN
I'LL SHOW
YOU...

NNYAAARRGGHHH!

BBBLLLLIAARFFF!!

SLK...

What happens next is as good a guess for me as for any of you...

...what I do know is, that because of that strange burst of light, my eyes glow like someone who's insanely possessed by something (or someone)...

...and this isn't the only strange thing, because it seems that I'm suddenly able to leap (onto) tall buildings...

... (like that superman dude in those action comics) ...

...and I'm not the only one who is surprised by all this.

What's also pretty amazing (well to me, anyway) is that I suddenly possess some kind of superpower?

If I didn't know better (or if this was a comicbook) I would've thought that that strange burst of light somehow made me a superhero!

But this isn't some stupid comicbook, so I tell myself that I can do all this because of a sudden burst of adrenaline.

I only hope that my good pal has some of that adrenaline too, so he will survive his upcoming meeting with the pavement!

Our little ruckus on the roof causes Crabtree to storm out to add a little more noise to the show...

I'M TOTALLY FED UP WIF THE TWO OF YER!

QUIT WIF ALL THET NOISE, O'...

NOOH ...

NOOO ...

...but what old Crabtree sees then...

THEM EYES!

LIKE TH' BEAST!

THEM EYES!

...startles her so much that she runs back inside...

scared...

petrified...

...petrified by
the Beast.

Petrified by the Beast
with his inhumane power...

...super...

...superpowers.

This Beast with
his superpowers!

Yeah, just look at
those eyes, dude.
That's pretty insane!

mmm
...

Power...

Poor Crabtree...

Beast...

Powerbeast!?

...frightened by Powerbeast.

Yeah! That's a
wicked name, dude!

Well, if by some crazy random happenstance
I really have superpowers, that's how
I will call myself.

POWERBEAST

Powerbeast
the
superhero!

I wonder what my good friend
John will have to say about my
kick-ass new superhero powers
and name, when I use his face
some more as my Powerbeast-
superhero-practice-punchin'-bag!@*

(*PSPPB for short)

I know that this
isn't the superhero
way to do things...

...but it's all
his own fault.

He shouldn't have laughed
so damn hard when I fell
down from the roof...

...but he'll get the message
when I pound it into him!

(don't worry,
I won't hit him
that hard)

AND
A

Whoo!

AND THAT'S
HOW YOU SPELL
POWERBEAST!

So he doesn't
forget...

And while I beat some common
sense into my good friend, I
can also tell him how you spell out
my cool (new) superhero name.

...it's not polite to laugh
about the misfortune of
his friends!

HAW HAW

MY NAME IS
TASHA TASKER.



BRRRING

AND I'M PRETTY
SURE I'M AWAKE.

SLAM

BEEN DOUBTING IT
LATELY, THOUGH. MY LIFE'S
LIKE A WEIRD DREAM.



MAYBE I'M STILL GETTING
USED TO OUR NEW HOUSE.

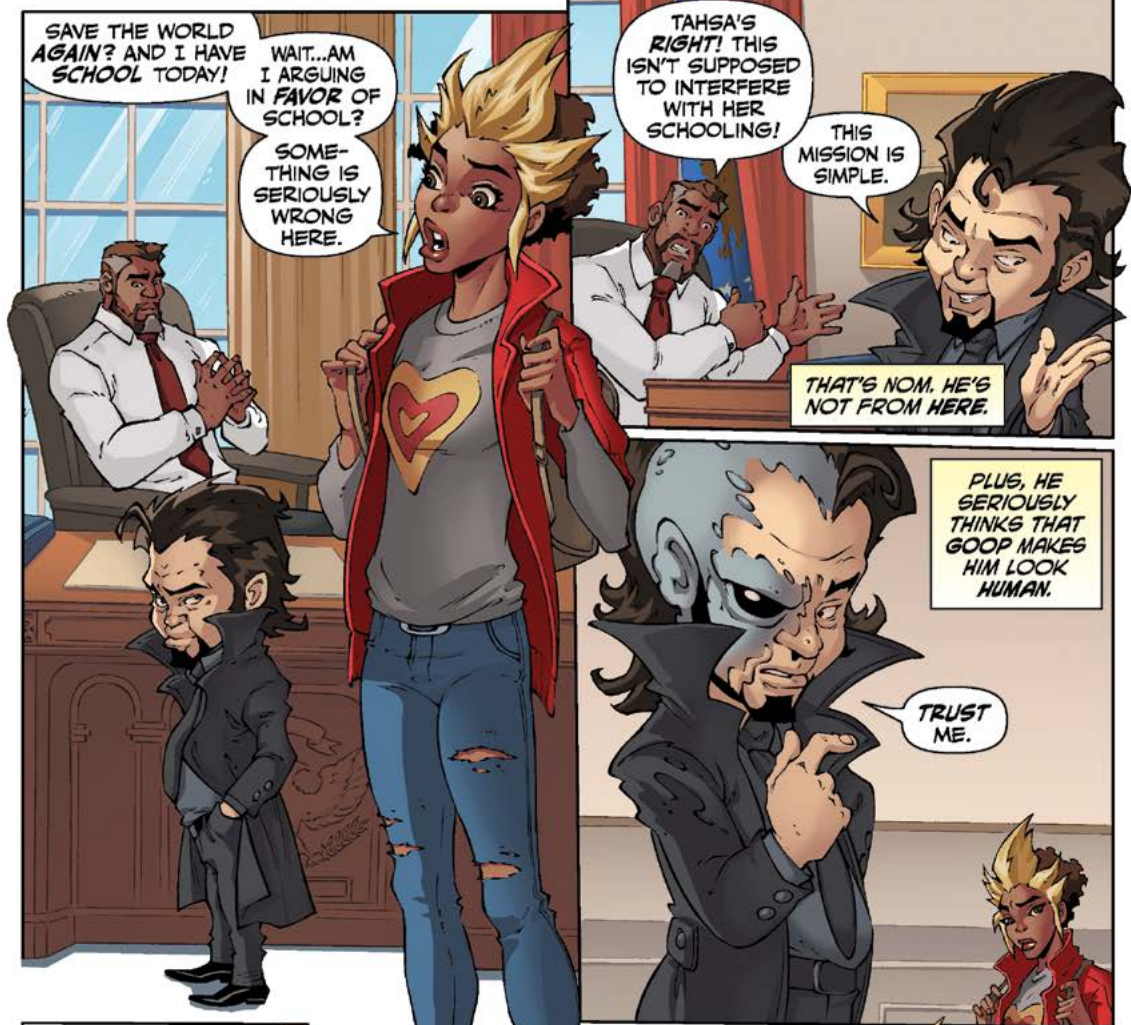
OR IT MIGHT BE BECAUSE
OF MY DAD'S NEW JOB.

SHE'S
NEEDED
AGAIN?

URGENTLY, MR.
PRESIDENT.

OR MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE OF MY NEW JOB.

WHO KNEW THE
ROLE OF FIRST
DAUGHTER WOULD
COME WITH SO
MUCH POWER AND
RESPONSIBILITY?



YOU'LL FIND YOUR "GIG"
AT CAMP HERO STATE
PARK IN MONTAUK
POINT, NEW YORK.

THE FIRST DAUGHTER

CREATED BY **CHRIS CROSBY**
DEVELOPED BY MIKE ROSENZWEIG & CHRIS CROSBY

THE LAST DAUGHTER

SCRIPT BY
CHRIS CROSBY
ART BY
TINA FRANCISCO
COLOR BY
KATRINA MAE HAO
LETTERS BY
ZACH MATHENY
EDITORS
**BRIAN AUGUSTYN &
DAVID LAWRENCE**

MONTAUK?
WHY DO I KNOW
THAT NAME?

THE HISTORY
CHANNEL,
I ASSUME.


IN THE 1980S, MONTAUK
POINT WAS HOME OF
THE TOP SECRET
MONTAUK PROJECT.

NOW
THANKFULLY
DEFUNCT.

HUMAN
SCIENTISTS
MESSING WITH
TECHNOLOGY...


... THEY
COULDN'T
POSSIBLY
BEGIN TO
UNDERSTAND?

RECIPE FOR
DISASTER.



FOR A PUBLIC PARK, THIS PLACE LOOKS DEAD. WHAT'S A FAILED SCIENCE PROJECT FROM ANCIENT TIMES GOTTA DO WITH ME?

TODAY?
EVERYTHING.



YOUR GOGGLES ARE PLAYING FOOTAGE FROM A 1983 EXPERIMENT. MONTRUK SCIENTISTS PLUCKED A CREATURE OF UNKNOWN ORIGIN OUT OF THE TIMESTREAM.

THE SURVIVORS LOVINGLY NAMED HIM **ALBERT**.



LET ME GUESS: I'M HERE TO PUNCH ALBERT UNTIL HE EXPLODES.



ALBERT BECAME *UNSTUCK IN TIME*, BOUNCING RANDOMLY THROUGH THE PAST AND FUTURE.

YOU'LL MEET HIM IN EXACTLY FOURTEEN SECONDS.



WAIT... IF HE'S **RANDOMLY** LEAPING THROUGH TIME, HOW DO YOU KNOW HE'S GONNA SHOW UP--

POP



--NOW?



SHE TOLD ME. NEARLY TWO CENTURIES AGO.





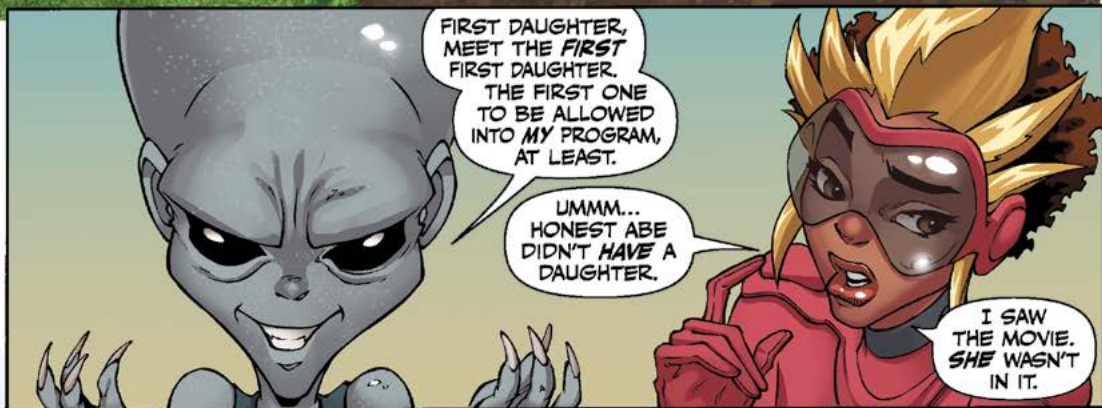


YOU IMPRESS, GIRL! WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND DATE OF ORIGIN?



I'M ABBY.

ABBY LINCOLN.



FIRST DAUGHTER, MEET THE **FIRST** FIRST DAUGHTER. THE FIRST ONE TO BE ALLOWED INTO MY PROGRAM, AT LEAST.

UMMM... HONEST ABE DIDN'T HAVE A DAUGHTER.

I SAW THE MOVIE. **SHE** WASN'T IN IT.



OH MY... SHE DOESN'T KNOW?

SHE DIDN'T HAVE A **NEED** TO KNOW. NOT UNTIL NOW.

TASHA, THERE'S A REASON YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF ABBY LINCOLN. SHE, AND ALL OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FIRST DEFENSE PROGRAM, WERE PURPOSEFULLY **ERASED** FROM ALL HISTORIC RECORDS.



I MADE **EVERYONE** INSTANTLY **FORGET** ABOUT THEM. THE NEWS MEDIA, MINOR ACQUAINTANCES, FRIENDS, FAMILY...

EVEN ABBY'S PARENTS FORGOT ABOUT HER.

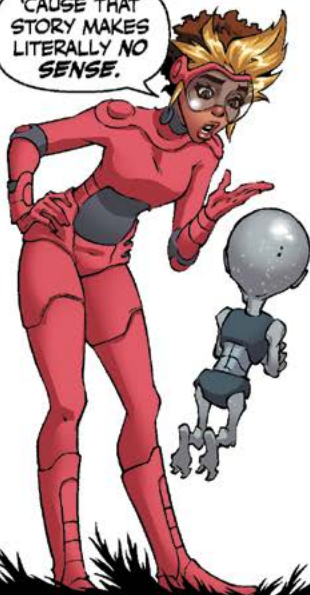
IT WAS AS IF SHE WERE **INVISIBLE**.



AN UNSEEN GUARDIAN OF YOUR PLANET.



OKAAAY... I THINK YOU MAY HAVE A FOR REAL **MENTAL PROBLEM**, NOM. 'CAUSE THAT STORY MAKES LITERALLY NO **SENSE**.



I'M A SUPER-POWERED FIRST DAUGHTER... AND I'M ALL OVER EVERY FORM OF MEDIA EVER INVENTED!

I WAS THE TOP TRENDING TOPIC AFTER I LET LOOSE ALL THE UNPARDONED TURKEYS...HASHTAG TASHAWESOME!

I WEAR **HOT PINK** ARMOR IN PUBLIC! I AM THE **EXACT OPPOSITE** OF INVISIBLE!



AS YOU CAN SEE, MY JOB IS MUCH EASIER THESE DAYS.

INDEED.





I'M FORCED TO SAY GOODBYE AGAIN, ABBY.

GIVE THIS TO ME WHEN YOU RETURN HOME.

YES SIR.



PLEASD TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, TASHA.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN SOON.



WE SHALL?

WHAT DID SHE MEAN?



ARE YOU GONNA SEND ME BACK IN TIME?

TO STOP ABE LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION OR SOMETHING?

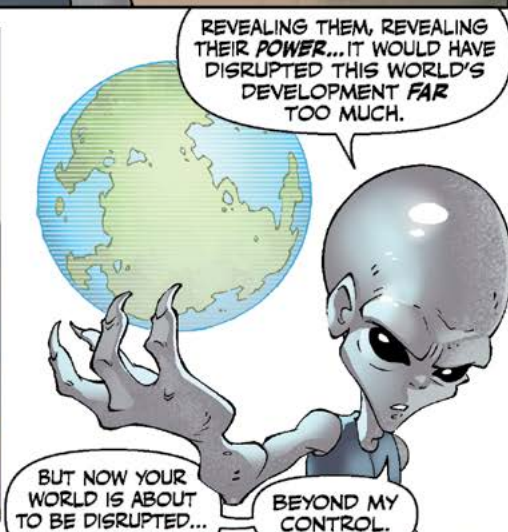
TASHA! TOO SOON.

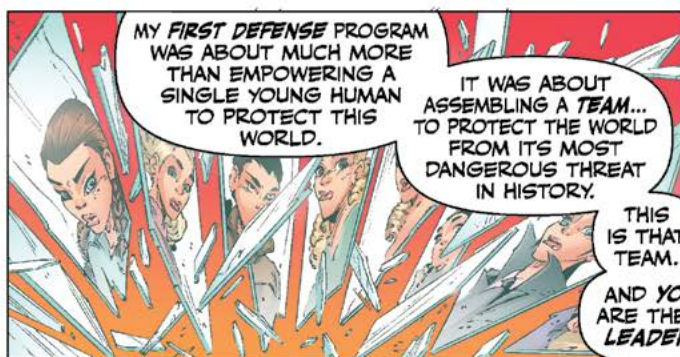


C'MON, NOM! YOU'VE STILL GOT A CRAPTON OF EXPLAINING TO DO!

YOU'VE WORN ME DOWN. LET'S GO HOME.



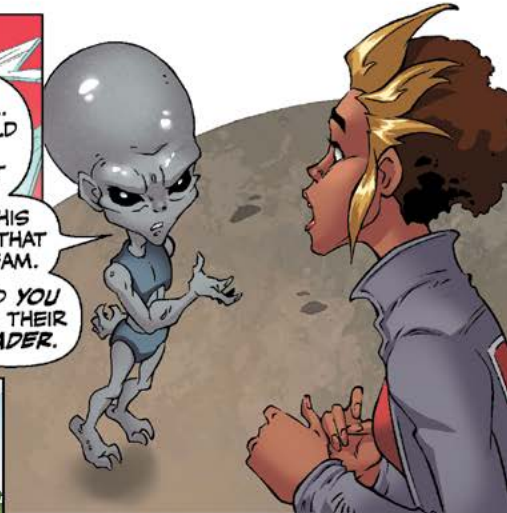




MY FIRST DEFENSE PROGRAM WAS ABOUT MUCH MORE THAN EMPOWERING A SINGLE YOUNG HUMAN TO PROTECT THIS WORLD.

IT WAS ABOUT ASSEMBLING A **TEAM**... TO PROTECT THE WORLD FROM ITS MOST DANGEROUS THREAT IN HISTORY.

THIS IS THAT TEAM.
AND YOU ARE THEIR **LEADER**.



YOUR TIME TO LEAD WILL SOON ARRIVE, TASHA TASKER.

TO BE
CONTINUED...

All is not lost.

Close your eyes

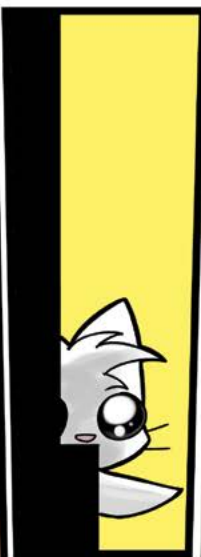
and you can fly.

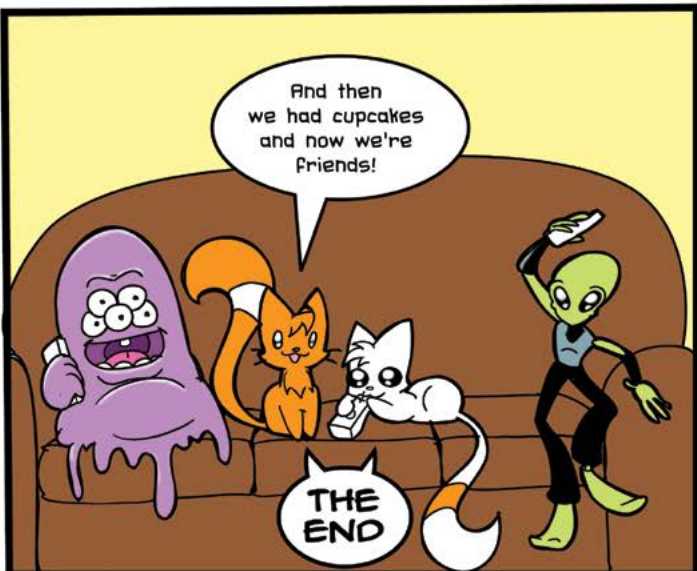
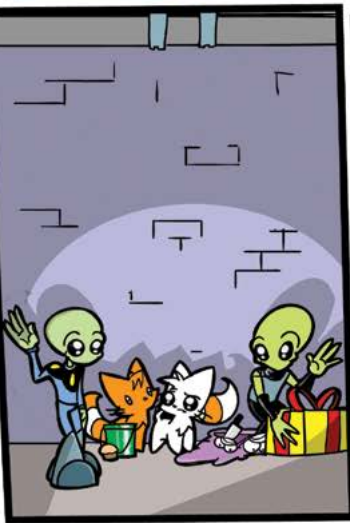
Touch the great jewel that
watches over you.

And know that he will always be with you.

When darkness comes,
it brings dreams in its hands.







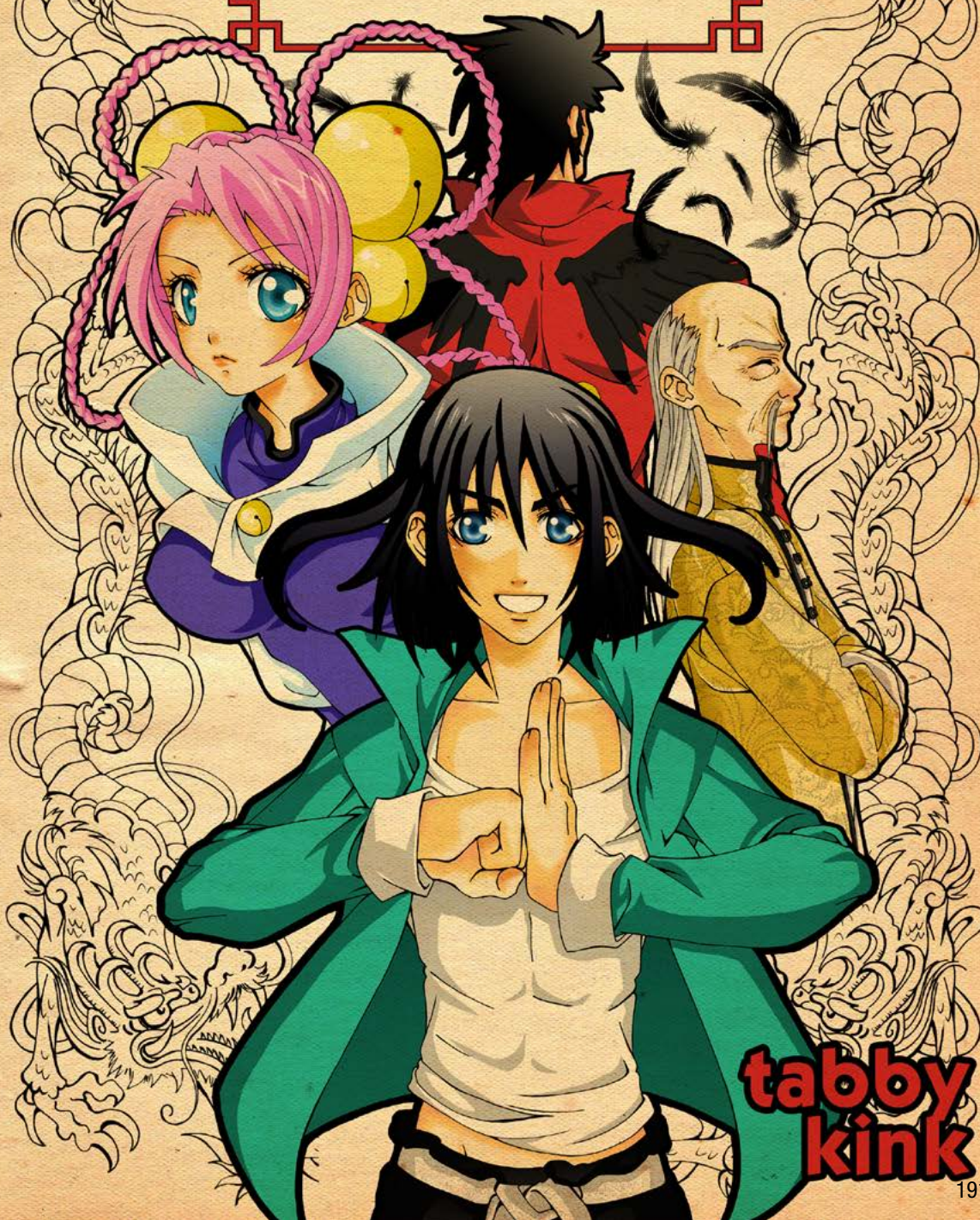




Bolerjack



WONG BROTHERS



IF YOU
CAN'T LEARN
KUNG FU,
DON'T BOTHER
TO COME
BACK.

YOU
WILL NOT
BE WORTHY
TO USE
THE NAME
WONG...

AND
TO CALL
ME
FATHER.

JACKIE,
THE NIGHT
BEFORE YOUR
ARRIVAL, I
DREAMED WITH
A JADE COLOR
DRAGON
...

THAT
COULD FLY
HIGHER
THAN ANY
CREATURE
IN THIS
WORLD.

BECOME
THAT
DRAGON AND
YOU WILL BE
ABLE TO
GO HOME!

SHANGHAI!

THE BUS TO
SHANGHAI IS
READY TO GO!
GET ABOARD!







SORRY
BUT...

I MUST
TAKE THAT
BUS!

THOK

DOOSH

I CAN
NOT...

RAK

WH

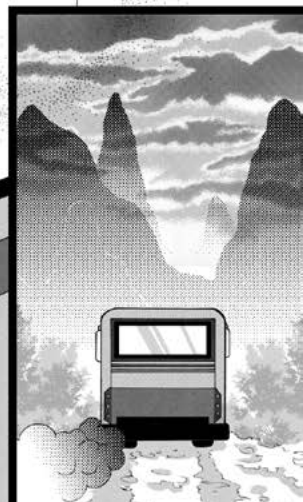
...LOSE MY
FLIGHT...

BOOM!
BOOM!

I'M
COMING
BACK...









SONNY,
BRUCE AND
LITTLE JET
...

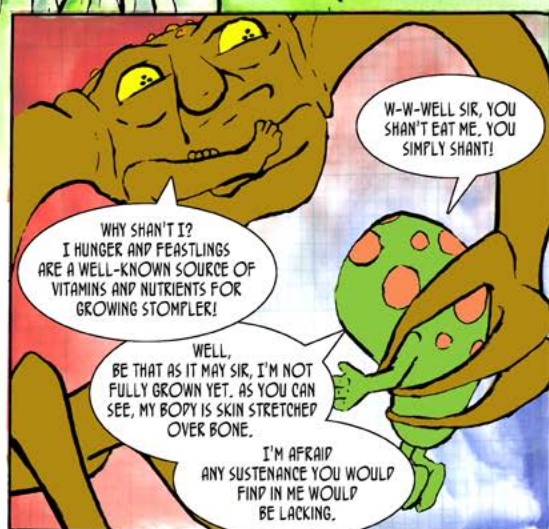
SEE YOU
SOON,
BROTHERS!

 **AIR CHINA**
SHANGHAI - RIO DE JANEIRO

ECONOMY CLASS

000000012558733


**PANDA
DA
MONTANHA**







OKAY, I'M UP,
BUT HEIGHTS
ALWAYS MAKE ME
NAUSEOUS...

W-W-WHAT
SHOULD I DO NEXT?

SIMPLY CUT THROUGH THE
ROPE WITH YOUR RAZOR
SHARP TALONS.

I'M AFRAID I HAVE
NO TALONS, SIR.

THEN CHEW THROUGH THE
ROPE WITH YOUR
STRONG, GNAWLY FANGS!

WELL, SEE...
THE THING IS...

YOU ARE A PECULIAR,
DEFENSELESS CREATURE.

OH NO... THESE
HEIGHTS... I THINK
I'M GONNA...



WHAT ARE YOU--



GUMPH!

HEH... SORRY...



HOW'S YOUR
HEAD?

I AM FINE.
THE WELT WILL HEAL.
COME NOW, SMALL ONE.
LET US MAKE HASTE BEFORE
THE SWIFT AND TERRIBLE
GORGACK ARRIVES.



PECULIAR,
BUT NOT USELESS...

PERHAPS
THERE'S MORE TO YOUR KIND
THAN JUST YOUR DELICIOUSITY.

AWW, SHUCKS...

A MOVABLE FEASTLING

BY
LEN N. WALLACE
AND
AARON BIR

IT'S A PLACE NOT QUITE
LIKE EARTH...THOUGH
NOT ENTIRELY SEPARATE.

A PLACE OF
MYSTERY
AND MAGIC.

THERE
IT *IS*! JUST
LIKE NARSI
SAID!

AND SOMETIMES...
GREAT BEAUTY.

ANNA
WILL BE SO
EXCITED!

BUT SOMETIMES, AS YOUNG
NIKO IS STILL LEARNING—

A PLACE OF GREAT
DANGER AS WELL!

RRUNNMBLE



NARSI-

HELP!!!

KEEP
RUNNING,
GOOD
BUDDY!

YOU'RE
DOING JUST
FINE!

Magika™

FRIENDS LIKE THESE...

STORY - KEVIN JUAIRE & DAVID LAWRENCE

ART - WILSON TORTOSA & SEBASTIAN CHENG

LETTERS - ZACH MATHENY

EDITS - BRIAN AUGUSTYN & DAVID LAWRENCE













MAYBE MILO IS RIGHT...



NIKO!!!

ANNA? IS SOMETHING WRONG?

I...DON'T KNOW. I THINK SO.

NARSI TOLD ME THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FLOWER. HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO MAKE IT UP TO YOU.



THEN HE RAN OFF TOWARD THE APPLE ORCHARD!

HUH? APPLES? WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?



OH NIKO, YOU STILL KNOW SO LITTLE ABOUT MAGIKA! HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF THE APPLE OGRES?

APPLE OGRES???

WHY DOES EVERYTHING IN MAGIKA HAVE OGRES?









don reymundo del torro was a proud landowner. he was proud of his rancho. he was proud of the prize-winning bulls he raised. but most of all, he was proud of plateado, his white stallion...

tonight he rode plateado swiftly into the upper canyons to put an end once and for all to a problem that had become a major thorn in his side in the last few months...

¡ARRIBA,
PLATEADO!

shadow of
the west
chapter six
RIDE THE
DARK
HORSE

la cascabella, he had heard the local indian legend of the "lady of the rattlesnakes" for years. but now it was getting in the way of bringing in a corn crop. he would put an end to it tonight.

THEY HAVE SEEN
HER! LA
CASCABELLA!

THE WORKERS
REFUSE TO GO
NEAR THE HIGH
COUNTRY!

I WILL GO TO THE
CANYONS AND PROVE
TO YOU WHO RULES
THIS LAND!

NO, DON
REYMUENDO!

LA
CASCABELLA!



**SUPERSTITIOUS FOOLS-
WHY MUST THEY BE
SUCH DOLTS?**

**HOW CAN THEY
BELIEVE IN A
GHOST WOMAN
THAT HOLDS
SWAY OVER ALL
RATTLE
SNAKES?**

tonight don reymundo would become a believer...

**WHAT IS
THAT
STRANGE
SOUND?**

**LIKE A
THOUSAND
MOURNFUL
DEATH
RATTLES!**

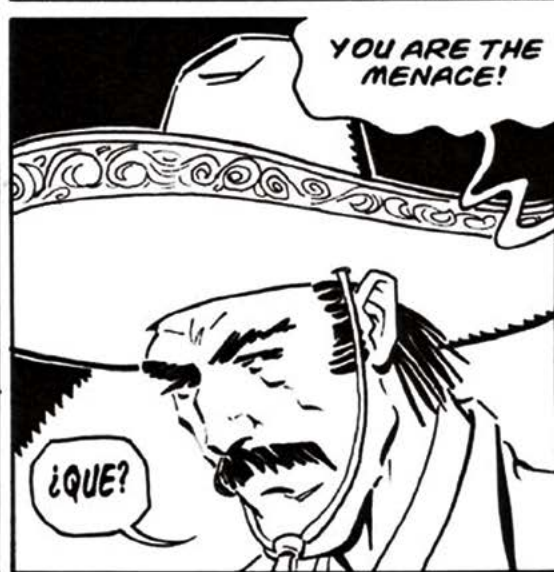
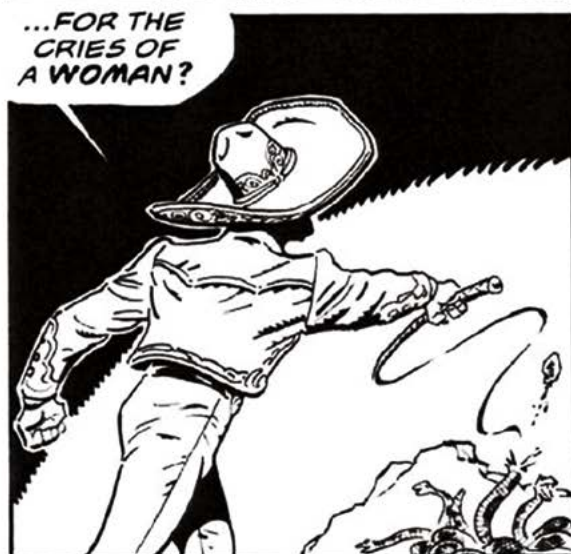
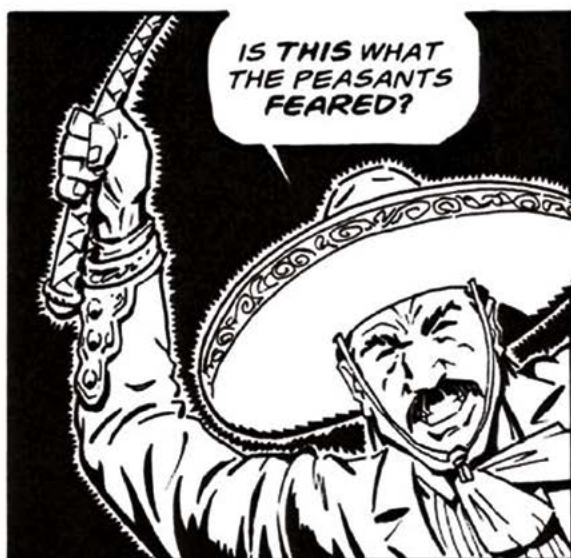
RATTLE?

**LOOK OUT, PLATEADO,
IT IS A NEST OF
RATTLE SNAKES!**

**MY BULLWHIP
WILL MAKE QUICK
WORK OF THIS!**

with pinpoint precision, don reymundo
lets fly his whip...

and rattler heads begin to
fly too...



UNLIKE YOU, MY
CHILDREN WARN
BEFORE THEY
STRIKE!



LA
CASCA-
BELLA!?

THEY GUARD
YOUR FIELDS
FROM VERMIN!



YOU KILL MY
DEAREST, NOW
I SHALL TAKE...

...THAT
WHICH YOU
CHERISH MOOOOST!



¡ESPANTA!

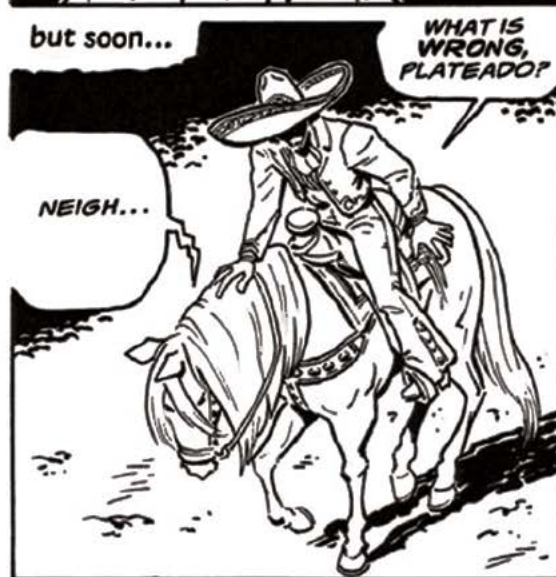
the rattled rancher
retreats...

VAMOS,
PLATEADO!



but soon...

WHAT IS
WRONG,
PLATEADO?



NEIGH...

ARE YOU HURT,
MY STALLION?

SNORT!

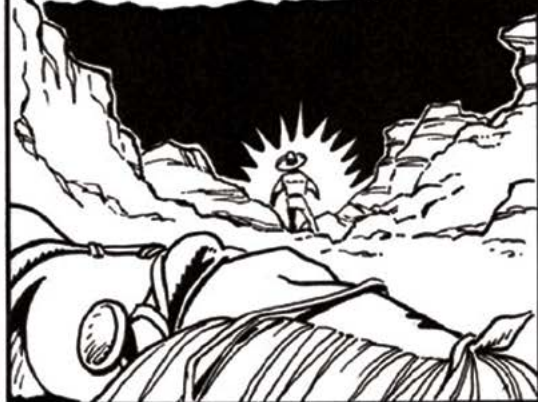




there beneath the mane - the rattler's head had landed...



the crestfallen caballero must make the return trip afoot... rugged terrain and bad luck result in a broken leg some miles later...



...and because the peasants would no longer venture into the canyons, they never found don reymundo's remains.

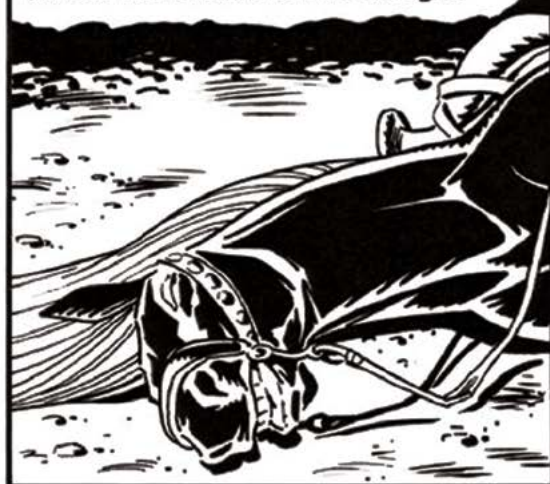


but something happened to the white stallion...

as the venom spread - his white coat became dark...



...until the entire coat, except the mane and tail had become as dark as night.



but instead of perishing, he was healed.



somehow when don reymundo's spirit left his body it merged with plateado...



the dark horse would run with the herds of wild broncos but never fully fit in with normal horses...



likewise, the dark horse could never fit in the world of man...



...until one day he encountered a strange wanderer and his crazy coyote companion.



FROZEN HOPES

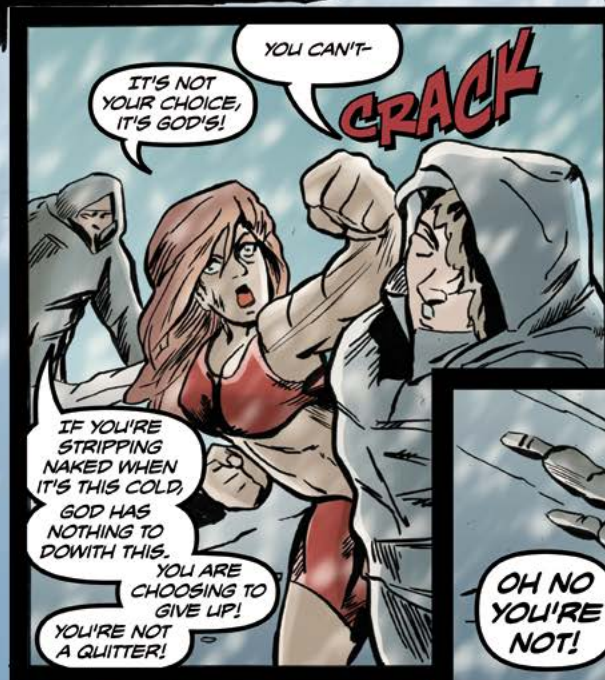
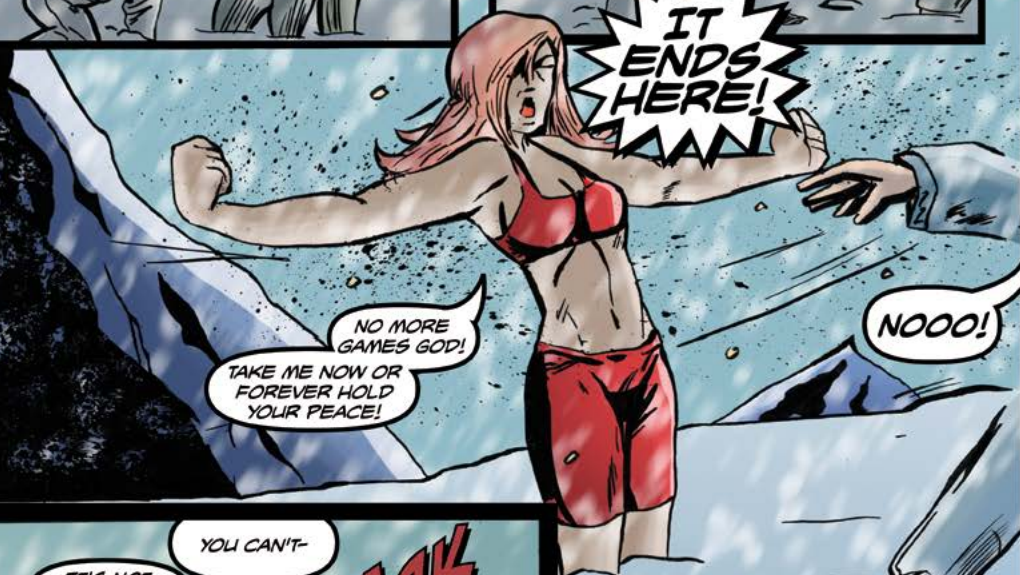


LETTERS
BY
MICHAEL
MOORE

COLORS
BY
JAMES
ABELS

ART
BY
LAZARO
SUAREZ

SCRIPT
BY
ZACH
BASSETT







SOME CALL ME A HERO. OTHERS IN THIS
WASTELAND CALL ME A MONSTER. I CANNOT
SAY WHICH IS RIGHT, BUT MY NAME IS...

RAM THAR



I HAVE FOUGHT HORRORS
BEYOND COUNTING IN MY TRAVELS
ACROSS THIS BARREN LAND.

ONCE MORE, I HAVE HEARD
TALES OF THOSE IN NEED. THEY ARE
BEING KEPT TRAPPED UNDERGROUND
BY A MADMAN... IN DESPARATE NEED
OF HELP. HELP ONLY I CAN PROVIDE.

YET THIS IS THE
THANKS I GET?



CAPTURED BY THE
VERY SAME MADMAN,
I AM TORTURED UNTIL
I PASS OUT...

ONLY TO AWAKEN
TO THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL
EYES I HAVE
EVER SEEN.



SHE SPINS ME A
TALE. SHE WAS
THE ONE WHO SENT
RUMORS OF THE
PLIGHT OF HER
PEOPLE TO ME.



SHE IS THE GRAND-
DAUGHTER OF THE
MAN WHO KEEPS
HER PEOPLE LOCKED
AWAY. HER PEOPLE
WISH TO FIGHT, BUT
NEED A HERO THEY
CAN FOLLOW...

SHE BEGS ME
TO HELP. SHE
BEGS ME TO BE
THE HERO HER
PEOPLE NEED.



I SIMPLY
ASK HER
FOR MY
GEAR.



WITHOUT
A WORD,
SHE RETURNS
MY WEAPONS
TO ME...
UNSURE IF
I WILL HELP
OR LEAVE.

BUT I WILL DO AS I HAVE ALWAYS DONE WHEN THERE ARE THOSE IN NEED...

I WILL HELP YOU... BUT YOU MUST BE PREPARED TO SHED BLOOD FOR YOUR FREEDOM. THIS IS ALWAYS THE COST.

I KNOW. WE WILL DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO LEAVE THIS PLACE.

MY GRANDFATHER IS DRIVEN INSANE BY HIS PARANOIA. HE HAS SOME LOYAL TO HIM WHO WILL KILL TO KEEP US HERE.

TAKE ME TO YOUR PEOPLE.

THEY ARE A SORRY LOT...

NOT A SINGLE WARRIOR AMONG THEM.

BUT THEY LISTEN TO HER AS SHE TELLS THEM ALL WHAT THEY MUST DO.

THEY WILL HOLD PROTECT THE ESCAPE OF HUNDREDS, AND GIVE THEIR LIVES IF NEEDED.

THEY LISTEN AND THEY AGREE WITHOUT HESITATION.

I GIVE HER A NOD WHEN THEY ARE READY...

CLUNK!

SHE OPENS THE GATES THAT WILL RELEASE HER PEOPLE. GATES THAT HAVE BEEN SHUT FOR GENERATIONS.

HERE THEY COME.



STOP
THEM!

RATRATRATRATRAT

HIS FOLLOWERS
DO THEIR BEST,
BUT DEATH IS THEIR
ONLY REWARD.

HOWEVER, WE LOSE
MANY ON OUR SIDE
AS WELL...

I HEAR HIM
SAY AS WE MAKE
OUR LEAVE...

THEY'RE
THROUGH
THE GATES
SIR!

NOW
THEY MUST
FACE THE
HORRORS!

I TAKE LEAD AS WE
HEAD DOWN THE
LONG, DARK CAVERN
TO FREEDOM...



IT IS ONLY
A MOMENTARY
GLIMMER OF
TEETH THAT
WARNS ME OF
DANGER.



SSSSSSHHHH

ITS HISS
MAKES MY SKIN
CRAWL AS IT
LUNGES AT ME.

I BARELY
REACT IN
TIME TO
KEEP ITS
VENOMOUS
BITE AT
BAY.

BUT I AM NOT
FAST ENOUGH TO
KEEP IT FROM
WRAPPING ITSELF
AROUND MY LEG!

THE MADMAN HAS BRED
A MONSTROUS VIPER
AS BIG AS A PYTHON!
A MONSTER THAT
COULD KILL ME...



BUT I AM RAMTHAR!



I HAVE JUST ONE
CHANCE TO SAVE
MYSELF... A QUICK
PUSH ON ITS HEAD,
AND I MUST STRIKE
FASTER THAN A SNAKE!



TCHOC!

DIE!



I SURVIVE, BUT I AM TOO
WEAK FROM THE STRUGGLE TO
DEFEND MYSELF AS THE MADMAN
COMES TO FINISH ME OFF.



HIGH-PITCH
SCREECHES FILL
THE AIR, AS MY
SALVATION
COMES FROM A
MOST UNLIKELY,
BUT FITTING,
SOURCE!

RUN TO THE
EXIT, EVERYONE!
I'VE CALLED MY
PETS, BUT THEY WILL
ATTACK ALL
BUT ME!

HER PETS MAKE
SHORT WORK OF HER
GRANDFATHER AND HIS
MEN... GIVING US A
CHANCE TO ESCAPE.

WHAT HAPPENS NEXT
IS INEVITABLE...

I ADMIT IT IS A
TEMPTING OFFER.

SHE ASKS ME TO STAY
AND LEAD HER PEOPLE...

AND HER EYES MAKE
IT HARD TO RESIST.

TO CONTINUE
BEING THEIR HERO.

BUT I TELL
HER NO ANYWAY.

I AM NEEDED ELSEWHERE.

ANYONE WITH THE WILL
TO HELP CAN BE A HERO.

SHE IS THE ONLY HERO HER
PEOPLE EVER NEEDED.

SHE SMILES AND
THANKS ME WITH A KISS.

A KISS IS ALL THE
THANKS I COULD HAVE
EVER HOPED FOR.

BUT A HERO DOESN'T
HELP OTHERS FOR THE
THANKS THEY WILL
RECEIVE...

THEY HELP
BECAUSE IT IS
THE RIGHT
THING TO DO.

AND DOING
THE RIGHT
THING IS WHAT
RAMTHAR
WILL ALWAYS
STRIVE FOR!



MY NAME IS PANDORA SARGENT, AND THIS IS MY BLOG. OF COURSE, YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU SUBSCRIBE. FOR ALL YOU NEWBIES...WELCOME!

Pandora's BLOGS™

CREATED BY DAVID CAMPITI

NO STONE UNTURNED



DAVID CAMPITI & DAVID LAWRENCE - WRITERS
JINKY CORONADO & LARRY TUJON - ARTISTS
KATRINA MAEHAO - COLORIST
ZACH MATHENY - LETTERER
BRIAN AUGUSTYN & DAVID LAWRENCE - EDITORS



ON BOTH MY SCHOOL AND PERSONAL BLOGS, I POST ABOUT LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS IN AND AROUND LEGENDS, FLORIDA, MY NEW HOME. WHERE THE "LIFE" PART GETS STRANGER AS THIS PLACE GETS MORE FAMILIAR.



TKK

HEY, MOM!

HUH? NO, LEE'S M-I-A, AGAIN.



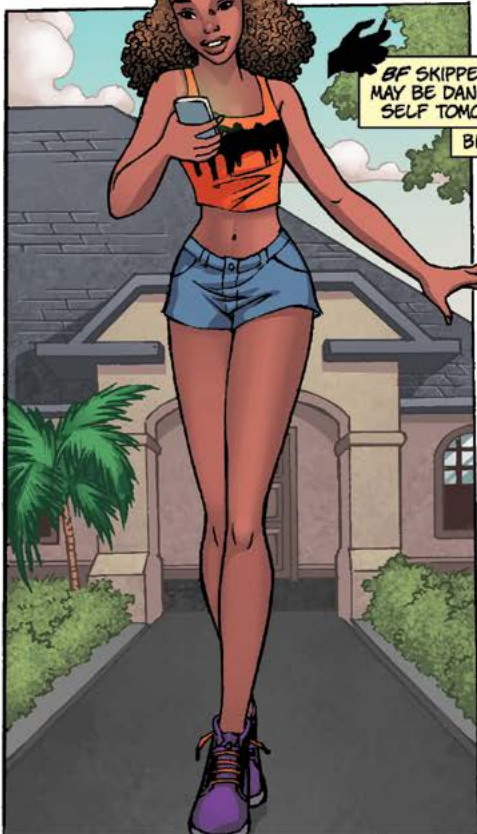
YEAH, I'LL RIDE ALONG.

SIS IS STILL HERE.

...THAT MOM?

YEAH, TIARA. I'M RIDING WITH HER.

MOM SAYS STAY PUT TILL WE GET BACK.



BF SKIPPED OUT. MAY BE DANCING BY SELF TOMORROW.

BLUMMER X2.



SHAKE IT, HONEY.

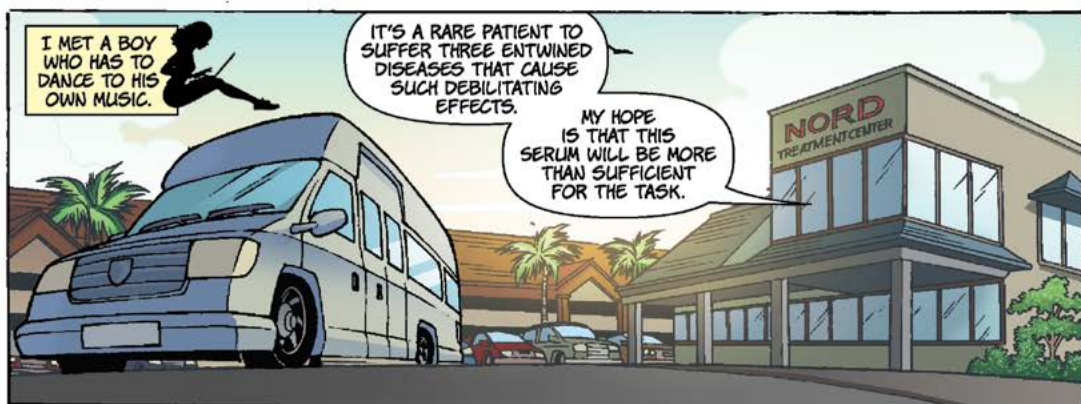
WE'RE LATE!

MOM, YOU SAY THAT NO MATTER HOW EARLY WE ARE!









I MET A BOY WHO HAS TO DANCE TO HIS OWN MUSIC.

IT'S A RARE PATIENT TO SUFFER THREE ENTWINED DISEASES THAT CAUSE SUCH DEBILITATING EFFECTS.

MY HOPE IS THAT THIS SERUM WILL BE MORE THAN SUFFICIENT FOR THE TASK.

NORD
TREATMENT CENTER



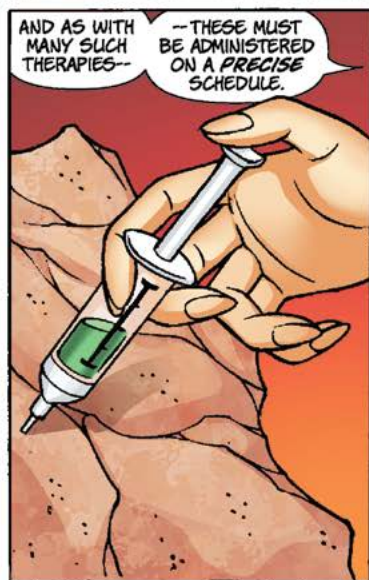
LET'S SEE WHAT WE HAVE HERE--
--MONSIEUR BOURBON.



I AM THANKFUL LA COUVERTURE MALADIE UNIVERSELLE IS COVERING YOUR FEES--

--THOUGH I WOULD PAY ANY PRICE TO FEEL NORMAL AGAIN.

A TREATMENT IS NOT A CURE, AND SIDE EFFECTS ARE LIKELY, YOU COULD REBOUND.



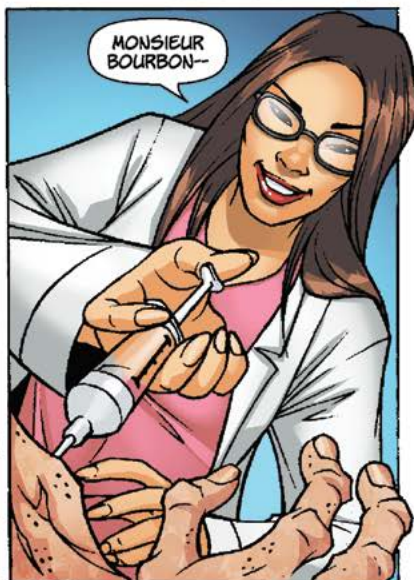
AND AS WITH MANY SUCH THERAPIES--

--THESE MUST BE ADMINISTERED ON A *PRECISE* SCHEDULE.



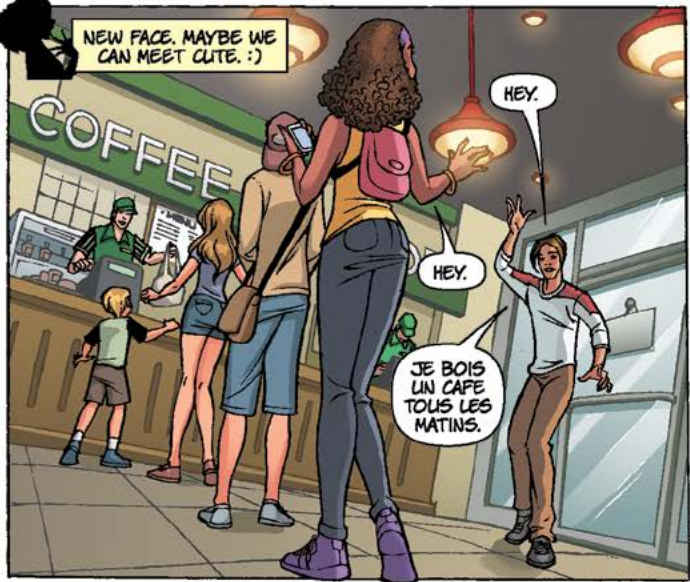
HOW... MANY OF THESE BEFORE--

--WE SEE... RESULTS?



MONSIEUR BOURBON--





NEW FACE. MAYBE WE CAN MEET CUTE. :)

HEY.

HEY.

JE BOIS UN CAFE TOUS LES MATINS.



IT'S AFTERNOON, ACTUALLY. JET LAG? I LOVE YOUR ACCENT.

YOU TOLD ME. WE HAVE MET. AT THE AIRPORT.

WHOA--! YOU'RE HUGO? YOU GOT HOT, LIKE, OVERNIGHT!



SIX COFFEES FOR THE GANG. HERE'S THE LIST. YOU WANT ONE, HUGO?

I'D LOVE A DOUBLE ESPRESSO--



--BUT ALL I HAVE ON ME ARE EUROS.

NO PROB. I'VE GOT IT. YOU MOVE PRETTY GOOD FOR A GUY IN A WHEELCHAIR.



DOCTOR PIKE IS A MIRACLE WORKER. BUT SHE WATCHES ME EVERY SECOND.

I HAD TO GET OUT, GET AIR, GET AROUND!



YOU'RE BUZZING.

NOT GOING TO ANSWER.



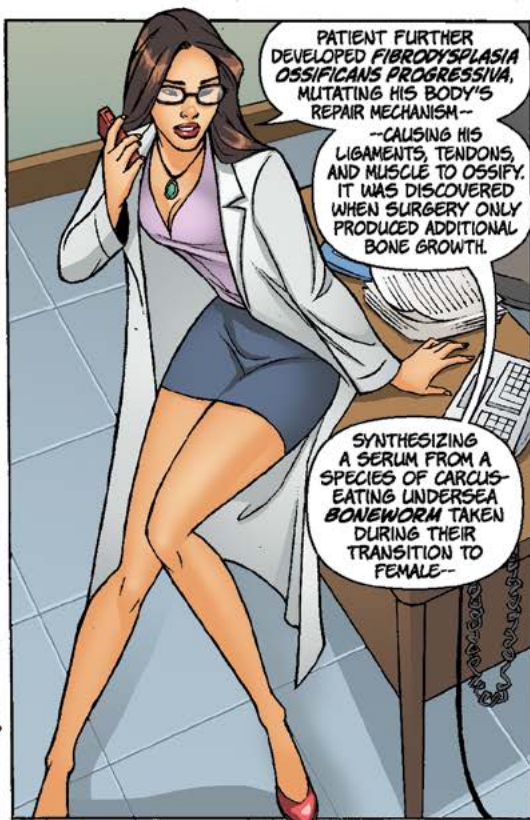
BUT YOU DID MENTION A DANCE, DID YOU NOT?



SUBJECT NEEDS FURTHER TREATMENTS BUT RAN OFF WHEN SYMPTOMS FADED. UNDERSTANDABLE BUT LIFE-THREATENING.

PATIENT SUFFERS FROM ACUTE SYSTEMIC SCLERODERMA, PRECEDED EARLY IN LIFE BY RAYNAUD'S PHENOMENON.

THICKENING OF SKIN, POOR CIRCULATION. IT SPREAD TO HIS ORGANS. STEM CELL PROCEDURES OFFER MODEST SUCCESS AT BEST.



PATIENT FURTHER DEVELOPED FIBRODYSPLASIA OSSIFICANS PROGRESSIVA, MUTATING HIS BODY'S REPAIR MECHANISM--
--CAUSING HIS LIGAMENTS, TENDONS, AND MUSCLE TO OSSIFY. IT WAS DISCOVERED WHEN SURGERY ONLY PRODUCED ADDITIONAL BONE GROWTH.

SYNTHESIZING A SERUM FROM A SPECIES OF CARCUS-EATING UNDERSEA BONEWORM TAKEN DURING THEIR TRANSITION TO FEMALE--



--WE WERE ABLE TO ADD AN ANTITOXIN AND ENZYMES THAT JUMP-START THE PROCESS.

MY HOPE IS THAT STEADY DOSES WILL STABILIZE IN THE FIRST STEP TOWARD FIBRINOTIC FABRICATION, WHERE--



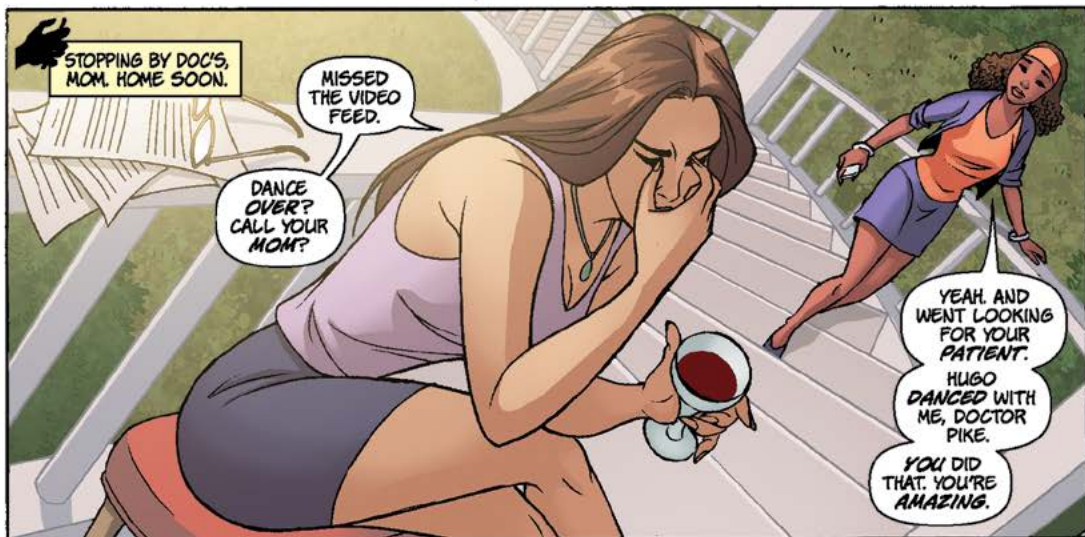
DOCTOR PIKE SPEAKING...
HUGO...?

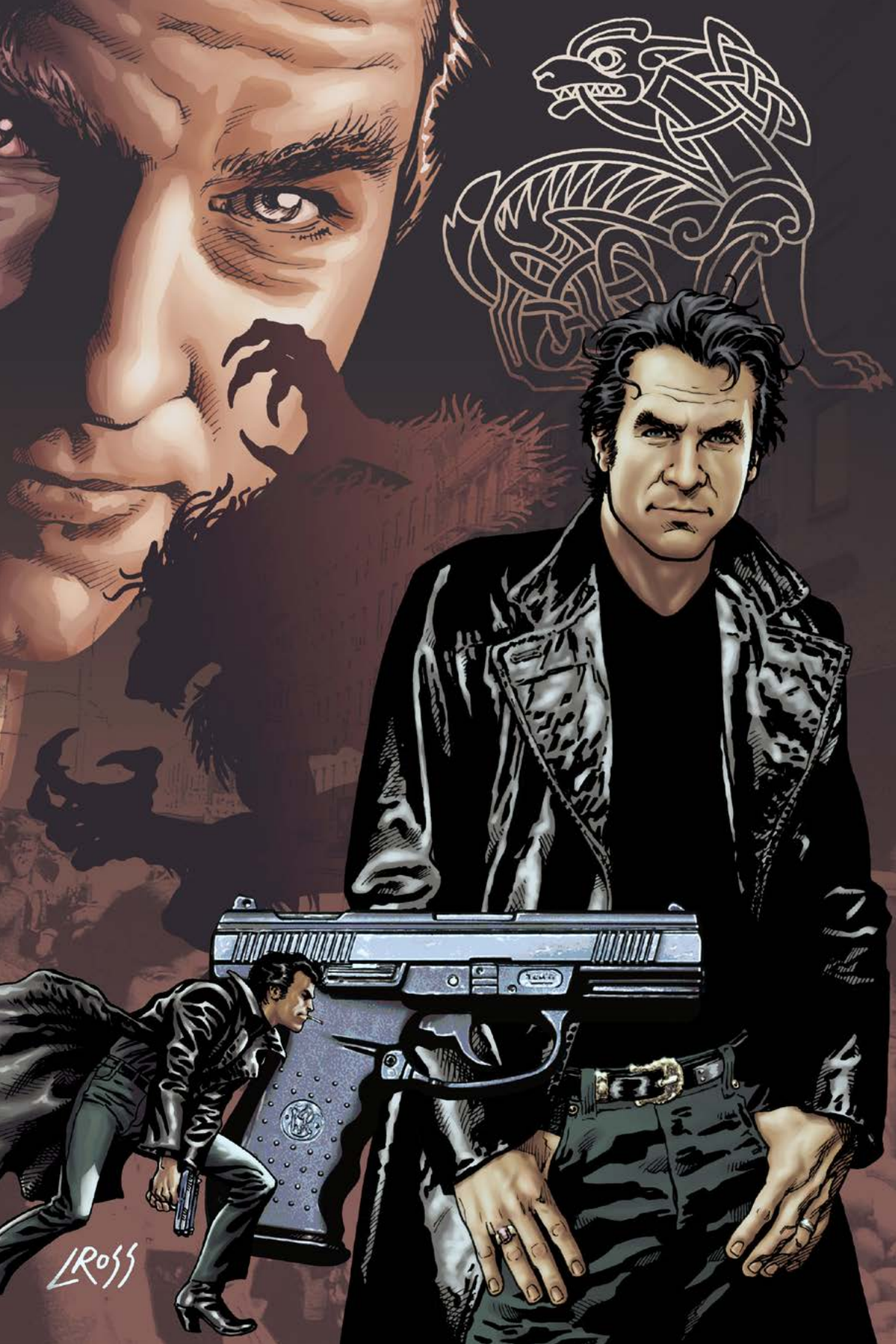


AIDEZ-MOI DOCTEUR!
ÇA FAIT MAL!

WERE YOU AT THE DANCE?
MEET ME AT MY HOME--IT'S CLOSER. I SHOWED YOU WHERE IT IS.







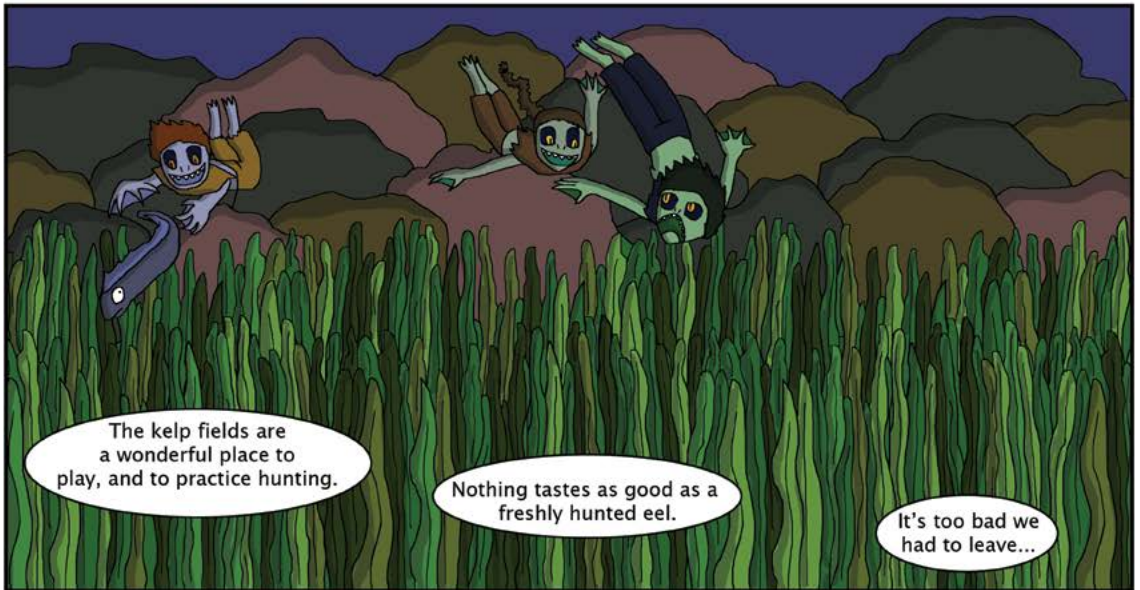


Don't Forget.



One day, I hope you can see our homeland, little one.

It is a beautiful place to grow up.



The kelp fields are a wonderful place to play, and to practice hunting.

Nothing tastes as good as a freshly hunted eel.

It's too bad we had to leave...



Too bad the war found it's way to us...



I want to show you your home, one day.

When it's safe.





SO YOU WANNA HEAR ABOUT OUR MOST DANGEROUS BATTLE EVER? I REMEMBER IT LIKE IT WAS YESTERDAY...

THE MERCHANTABLES VS THE JELLO GOLEMS

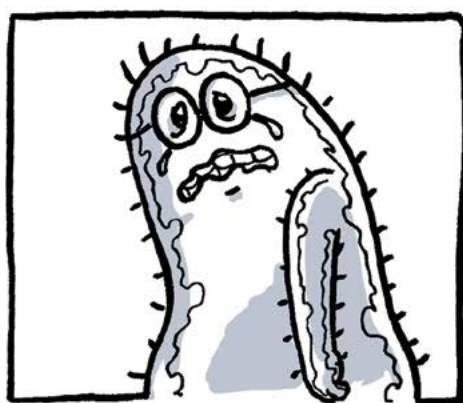
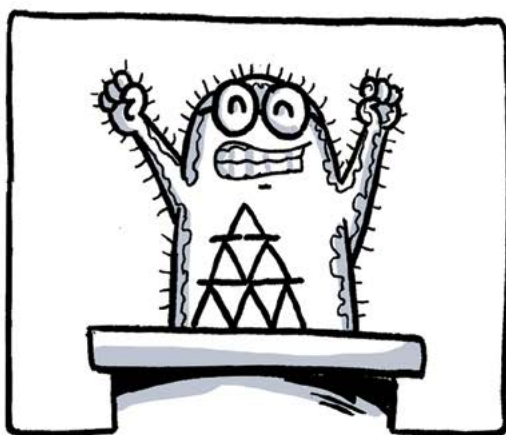
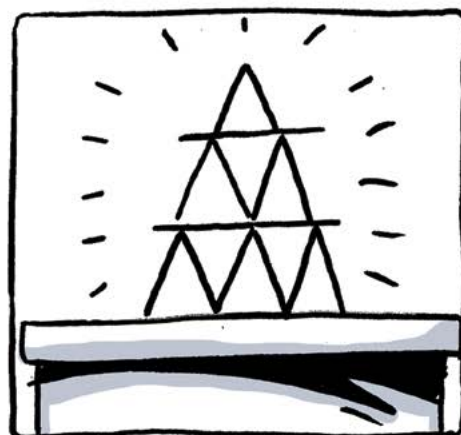
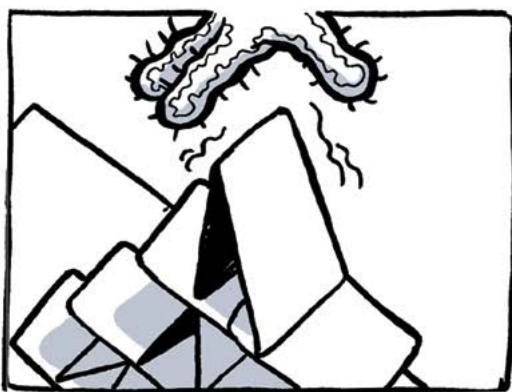
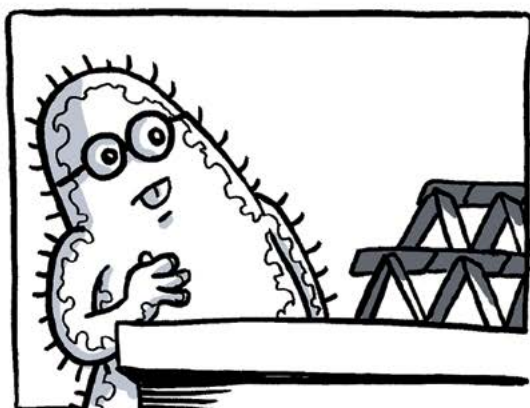
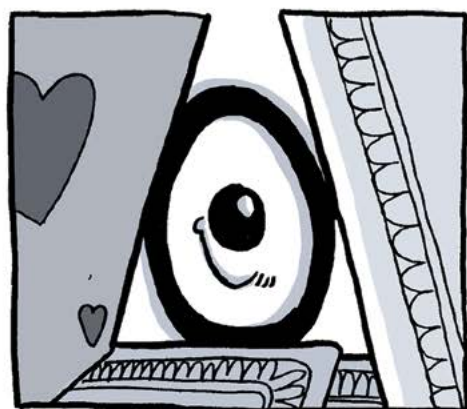


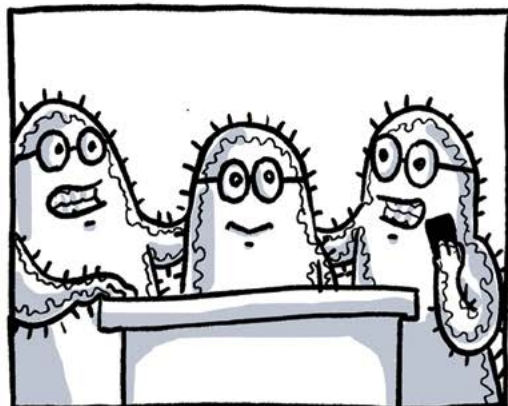
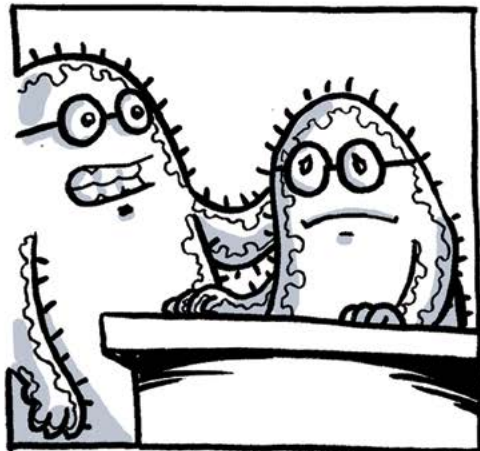
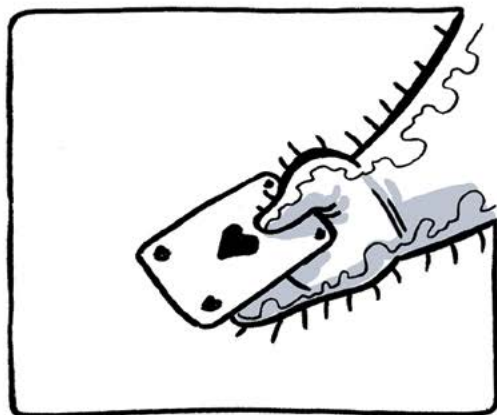
DON'T WORRY, KEYCHAIN. PLUSHIE AND I CAN HANDLE OURSELVES.



WHATCHA THINK, CATCHPHRASE? CAN WE FIGHT OUR WAY OUTTA THIS ONE?







WWW.INFERNOSCREEK.BLOGSPOT.COM

STORY: VINCENZO "ZEROV" SALVO
INK: VINCENZO "ZEROV" SALVO
DIGITAL COLORS: VINCENZO "ZEROV" SALVO



WAYWARD SONS LEGENDS

HERMAZ
WAIT UP!

WHY
DON'T YOU
KEEP UP?

*THIS STORY TAKES PLACE
BETWEEN ISSUES 24 AND 25 OF
WAYWARD SONS: LEGENDS!

WHAT'S
GOTTEN INTO
YOU?!

I'M TRYING
TO FIND OUR
FRIEND!

CASSIE
SAID SHE SAW
FRODAITY WAS
BEING KEPT IN
THIS REGION.

SHE'S
SOMEWHERE
OUT THERE,
AND I INTEND
TO FIND
HER.

DO
YOU HEAR
THAT?!

IT CAME
FROM THAT
DIRECTION!

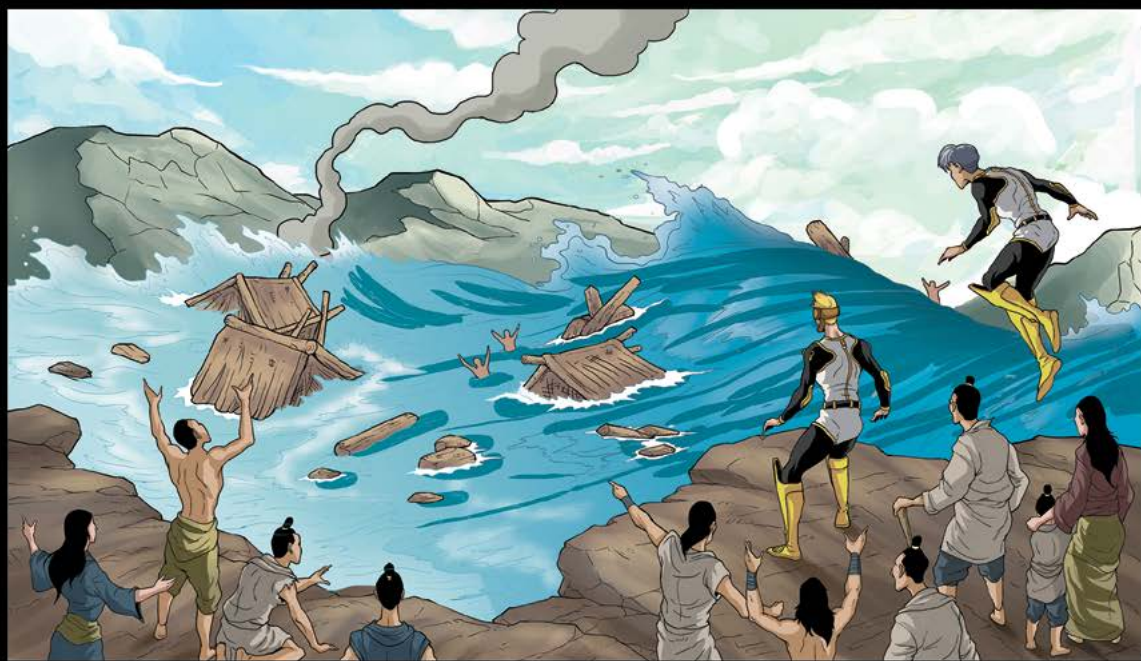
WHATEVER
IT WAS, IT
SHOOK THE
GROUND!

THERE'S
NOTHING HERE
BUT A SMALL
FISHING
VILLAGE.

I DON'T
SEE ANYTHING
THAT COULD
HAVE MADE
THAT LOUD
NOISE.

WAIT,
DO YOU
HEAR A
RUMBLE?









DON'T WORRY,
CHOP,
I'M HERE TO
HELP IF YOU
NEED ME.

AFTER ALL,
EVEN NINJAS
NEED A LITTLE
HELP ONCE IN
A WHILE...

"You will rise above any situation as long as you keep hope alive. For this reason, we know you will surely soar!"



"Our hearts and prayers are with you all as you rebuild."

- Terry Keefe



Joe is Japanese

TOKYO, A HOMECOMING

Written by
JOE McCUNNEY
MISTA MOUNTAIN
KOGA TARO
& HASHIMOTO

Illustrated by
THE FATES CREW

HI, MY NAME IS JOE McCUNNEY.
DESPITE WHAT YOU'RE THINKING I
MIGHT LOOK LIKE WITH THAT NAME,

I AM JAPANESE.

I'M FLYING BACK INTO
JAPAN FOR THE FIRST
TIME SINCE MARCH 17TH.

I'VE BEEN TRAVELING FOR MONTHS
FOR WORK, AND WAS AWAY
WHEN THE EARTHQUAKE HIT.

IT'S OK
IF I READ
ALONG?

I'VE BEEN TALKING TO
MY FRIENDS AS MUCH AS I
CAN BEFORE LANDING,
TRYING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT
IT WILL BE LIKE BACK HOME.

MY FULLY JAPANESE COUSIN WHO IS A FILM DIRECTOR LIVES
JUST SOUTH OF THE FAMOUS (OR INFAMOUS) GAIJIN DISTRICT, ROPPONGI.
IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE QUAKE, I FRANTICALLY TRIED TO CONTACT HER.

SURE... SO,
HAVE ALL THE
FLIGHTS BEEN
THIS EMPTY?

AT LEAST
GOING
TO NARITA.

10 HOURS LATER SHE CALLED, BUT HER TYPICAL
DIRECTOR'S VOICE WAS GONE. SHE WAS
RATTLED & DISTRAUGHT. IT TOOK DAYS FOR
HER CONFIDENT DEMEANOR TO RETURN.

TOKYO WAS VACANT. IT'S ONLY
SLOWLY RETURNING TO NORMAL. THE
FOREIGNERS WERE NEARLY ALL GONE.

SHE'S GOOD NOW, BUT
CAN'T SEEM TO FIND A SHOP
WITH TOILET PAPER.

THE MASS EXODUS WAS
ORGANIZED CHAOS, WITH THOUSANDS
QUIETLY WALKING IN LINE TO LEAVE THE CITY,
BARELY UTTERING A WORD, EXCEPT FOR THE
MOTHER WHOSE ONLY WHISPERS WERE TO
ENCOURAGE HER CHILDREN. IT WAS
LIKE A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE.

MY CHINESE FRIEND, WHO
HAS BEEN A JAPANESE
CITIZEN FOR A DECADE,
ALWAYS SEES THE LIGHTER
SIDE IN THINGS.

WHILE HE'S SUCCESSFUL ENOUGH
TO HAVE RETIRED AT THE MERE
AGE OF 40, HE STILL CONSULTS
FOR CEOs AS A HOBBY.

WELL, LAST WEEK HE TOOK THE TRAIN INTO
TOKYO FROM HIS MOUNTAIN HOME. HE SAID
ALL THE HOTELS WERE BARELY HALF-
FULL, AND THE ONSEN* WERE VACANT.

HE WAS EXCITED TO
TRY THE TOKYO TAP
WATER, CALLING IT A
"REAL ENERGY DRINK"

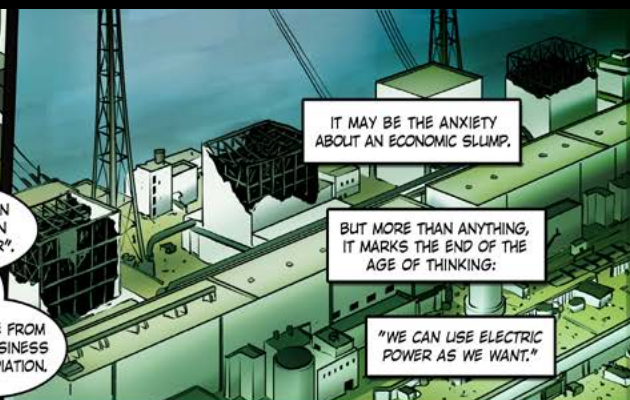
* Onsen (温泉): "hot springs"



KOGA SATO, MY FRIEND
WHO'S AN ANIME PRODUCER,
TOLD ME DURING A CHAT:

A CHASM EXISTS IN
MY MIND BETWEEN
"BEFORE" & "AFTER".

IT MAY BE FROM
THE UNEASINESS
OVER RADIATION.



IT MAY BE THE ANXIETY
ABOUT AN ECONOMIC SLUMP.

BUT MORE THAN ANYTHING,
IT MARKS THE END OF THE
AGE OF THINKING:

"WE CAN USE ELECTRIC
POWER AS WE WANT."



THE MOST AMAZING
CORRESPONDENCE
CAME FROM HASHIMOTO,
A MAN WHO HAS SPENT HIS
LIFE WITH A PASSION FOR
ALL THINGS MOTORIZED.



DEAR JOE,

PEOPLE'S MOOD HERE IN
TOKYO IS STILL GLOOMY.

HE WROTE
ME THIS E-MAIL--

HE'S THE OLDEST,
GRUFFEST BOSUZOKU*
I'VE EVER MET.

IN FRONT OF MY GARAGE
THERE'S A ROW OF
CHERRY BLOSSOM
TREES, AND THEY ARE
IN FULL BLOOM NOW.

*Bosozoku (暴走族) "motorcycle gang"



IT'S HANAMI* SEASON,
THERE SHOULD BE PEOPLE
OUTSIDE ENJOYING IT.

THOSE PALE PINK BLOSSOMS ARE
JUST GORGEOUS, BUT I JUST DON'T
FEEL LIKE LOOKING AT THEM...

TODAY WHEN I WENT
OUT FOR LUNCH,
I JUST WALKED UNDER
THOSE TREES QUICKLY.

*Hanami (花見): "cherry blossom viewing"

SOMEWHERE DEEP IN MY SOUL,
I KNOW FEELING HAPPY IS NOT AN
APPROPRIATE EMOTION RIGHT NOW.

I THINK MANY JAPANESE
ARE FEELING THE SAME WAY.



SINCE I'M LIVING IN TOKYO,
I DIDN'T GET DIRECT DAMAGE
FROM THE EARTHQUAKE.

おう、
おめー、
また明日な...

BUT BECAUSE OF THE RADIATION
FROM THE CRIPPLED FUKUSHIMA
DAICHI NUCLEAR POWER PLANT,

NOW THE DAMAGE IS
BECOMING "DIRECT."

I HAVE A KIND OF BUDDHIST PHILOSOPHY
LIKE MOST TOUGH JAPANESE, WHICH IS:
"WHEREVER I LIVE, WHATEVER I DO, I
HAVE TO DIE WHEN I DIE. THAT IS THE FATE."

I SAY IT TO MYSELF,
AND THAT MAKES
ME FEEL RELAXED.

ESPECIALLY
WHEN I RIDE.

ALTHOUGH RIDING
A MOTORCYCLE IN
IODINE & CESIUM IS
NOT A GREAT THING.



AS YOU KNOW, MY LIFE HAS BEEN BUILT
AROUND MY LOVE OF CARS & MOTORCYCLES,



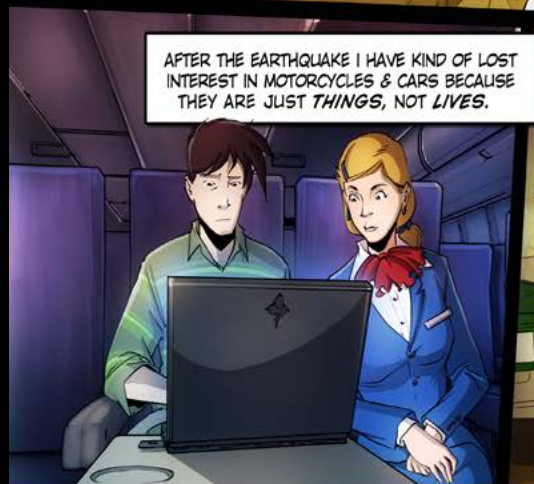
IT WAS JUST HEARTBREAKING
WHEN I SAW THE IMAGES OF CARS
WRECKED BY THE TSUNAMI.

THEY ALL BECAME
COMPLETE HUSKS.

THOSE CARS MUST HAVE BEEN
LOVED BY THEIR OWNERS.

THEN I INTENTIONALLY STOPPED
THINKING ABOUT THOSE CARS BECAUSE...

...I'M NOT BRAVE ENOUGH TO IMAGINE
WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE OWNERS.



AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE I HAVE KIND OF LOST
INTEREST IN MOTORCYCLES & CARS BECAUSE
THEY ARE JUST *THINGS*, NOT *LIVES*.



IN FACT, I HAVEN'T WASHED
MY CARS OR MOTORCYCLES
SINCE THE EARTHQUAKE.

THEY ARE COVERED WITH DUST,
POLLEN, AND PROBABLY A
BIT OF IODINE & CÆSIUM NOW.



WHEN WILL THE TIME
COME FOR ME TO
RETURN TO MY WAYS?

THIS IS JAPAN
TODAY, AT LEAST
FOR ME...



IT IS A DIFFICULT
HOMECOMING.

BUT IF I KNOW
ONE THING ABOUT
MY HOME...

Welcome to Japan

어서 오십시오

日本欢迎您

日本歓迎您

WE WILL
MAKE THINGS
BETTER.

OR MY JAPANESE
NAME ISN'T
JOE MCCUNNEY.

AFTER WORDS

True heroes are the men and woman who rush in to help where lesser humans fear to tread. Yet I knew that we, as comicbook creators, had to do what we could, in our far-flung corners of the world, to help with the long-term recovery of the largest, most financially devastating disaster in human history.

That's why we've come together to contribute our time, ideas, and efforts into the pages of this book -- with its profits going to the charity that fully supports the recovery and rebuilding in Japan.

So thank you to each and every designer, writer, penciler, inker, letterer, colorist, painter, designer, editor, printer, Kickstarter supporter, and friend who helped to make this book possible.

And especially, thanks to you, for your patience in supporting this book and our efforts in putting this together. You are, indeed, the best of us.

— Benny Powell
CEO, Red Giant Entertainment

If you would like to help further, we encourage you to check out some of the great organizations working to help Japan in their recovery:

Japan NGO Center for International Cooperation (janic.org/en)

Japan Center for International Exchange (jcie.org)

International Rescue Committee (rescue.org)

Save the Children (savethechildren.org)

Japan Society (japansociety.org)

Global Giving (globalgiving.org)

Give 2 Asia (give2asia.org)

Mercy Corps (mercycorps.org)

Catholic Relief Services (crs.org)

Oxfam America (oxfamamerica.org)

Japanese Medical Society of America (jmsa.org)

